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AUNT SOPHRONIA BASSETT'S BLUNDER.

"I MADE such a funny mistake one time," said Aunt Sophronia Bassett. She was aunt to half the village—really and truly—and the other half called her so from hearing the rest. I had run in of an errand. She was making yeast, in her old-fashioned, roomy kitchen, so while she worked I sat and watched her.

"Oh! it was such a ridiculous blunder!" and the old lady's manner said she was still out of all patience with herself at the bare remembrance of it.

"Do tell me about it," I said, eager to know if anybody's mistakes could equal my own.

"Well, you see, 'twas a number of years ago, and in them days I was a very petickeler housekeeper, *too* petickeler for folks's comfort around me. I had everything jest like a row of new pins from cellar to garret, and I always boasted I could go in the dark and lay my hand on anything I wanted in a minit. That was all right, I s'pose, leastwise I've no fault to find with it, if I hadn't kep' everybody 'round me in dread and mortal fear the hull durin' time, but a streak on the window or a spot on the floor would worry me so I couldn't set still, or do nothin' else till I had rubbed and scoured and made all right again. Why 's true 's you live, I've left a good meal of vittles many a time to jump up and brush a little dust off the stove, or to kill a fly that happened to come a-buzzin' 'round. Stephen—that's my husband, you know—used to laugh at me first, till one day I

think he did get real vexed, and I don't blame him, when I've thought of it sence, how I fretted, and all because he scattered a little dirt on the kitchen-floor when he was fillin' the wood-box for me, and he spoke up quite sharp-like when I dropped everything and ran with the broom and dust-pan, and he said, so sort of discouraged, 'Sophrony, I don't b'lieve you'd be contented in Heaven unless you could have a broom and dust-pan, and sweep up the golden streets now and then after the angels.' That made me cry, and I was spunky, real spunky, and I told him I hoped to goodness if I ever got to Heaven there wouldn't be no *men* angels around makin' a litter, and I said maybe he'd like to live over to Mis' Slocumse's, and when he wanted to go to town-meetin' find one of his boots in the pantry and t'other under the bed, and find his dollar bills frozen into the bottom of the swill-pail, as Mr. Slocum did last winter. I remember jest how he looked at me, as he answered, in that droll way of hisen, 'Yes, Sophrony, I wouldn't object to findin' a few on the bottom of *our* pail. They'd come real handy,' and then he kissed me, and smoothed my hair, and I got over it. But, Mis' Clover, I was, as I said, *too* petickeler—why, I wouldn't let Stephen come in even the front-door to the kitchen for fear of his trackin'. He had to go 'round to the woodshed to get in. It makes me 'shamed to say it, but I like to tell young housekeepers as a caution, and, Mis' Clover, don't you ever get so over-

nice that you can't let your husband take no comfort."

No danger, I thought, as I called up Timothy's picture of an evening with his heels on my plush ottoman, and his head on my satin sofa pillow, the tides with which these articles of furniture were supposed to be protected lying in crumpled picturesqueness on the floor, or under the broad shoulders of the aforesaid masculine.

"Don't you ever be so exasperatin' notional, child. It makes everybody 'round you miserable, and yourself tired and dissatisfied all the time. Be neat and orderly—every woman ought to be that—but don't carry sail as if all under the sun you was put into the world for was to use the broom and dish-cloth! It makes a man feel awful mean to be watched all the time in his own house, for fear he'll spill a drop of water, or leave a door ajar, or drop a crumb. He can't act nateral, no how; why, Stephen has told me sence that he used to wish he could sail 'round thro' the air, like a sperit, so's not to touch anything, though probably, he said, then I'd a-thought he was a bat or a moth-miller, and made a dive for him with my turkey-tail duster.

"But this aint the story you wanted to hear, is it ?

"Well, the time I was goin' to tell you about there was to be a ministers' meetin' of some kind at our church at Doolittle Corners—we lived to the Corners then—and all the church folks was expected to entertain them who come from abroad for three days. Of course, Stephen bein' class leader and steward, and I the president of the sewin' society, we must do our part, so we took a couple. I fixed up the spare chamber real nice, and cooked up lots of vittles, for I'd noticed sech folks like good livin' as well as anybody, and among the rest, as it had got to be warmish weather in the latter end of May, I went and fixed up some of that sody syrup, you know, such as folks

makes to home and puts away, and then when you want a glass of sody water all you do is jist to put some in a tumbler of water and a leetle grain of sody with it, and it foams up beautiful and is full as good as the store kind. I'll tell you how to make it. You take two pounds sugar, two ounces tartaric acid, one-half ounce of any essence you like, and the whites of four eggs, and one quart of wa-ter. When you use it, take three table-spoonfuls of this for a tumblerful of water, and don't forget your pinch of sody. So I made some of that, for thinks I to myself, if them creeturs has got to set there and hear preachin' and argufyin', and figgers and sech from mornin' till night for three hull days they'll be apt to feel pretty dry atween meetin's. I made a two-quart can full and put it down-cellar, and set it on the swing shelf alongside of my yeast, which was in a two-quart can, too. But I set the yeast toward the north and the sody syrup toward the south, so I'd know jist which was which, as they looked pretty much alike thro' the glass jars.

"That night, after we all got back from meetin', as we set there talkin', Brother Longman he asked would I be so kind as to get him a glass of water. That made me think of the sody, and jest then Stephen he spoke up, and says he, 'Brethren, wouldn't you like something a leetle stronger?' Them ministers looked scart for a minit, but Stephen went on to explain. 'My wife can fix you up some of the nicest sody water you ever drank. I tell you it sparkles and foams ekal to any that's drawed out of them big marble monnyments in the 'pothecary shops.' They signified they was both willin' to try it, so I ran down-cellar, without a light, knowin' jest where 'twas, took the can and ran up. I fixed a tumblerful for each of 'em. They waited a minit for it to foam up. But it didn't seem to be inclined to, only jest looked kinder bubbly and beady on top. I thought it acted

queer. Jest as Stephen was goin' to take his'n, neighbor Dickson came over to borry a lantern. He went to get it for him, and they stopped to talk a spell, and pretty soon after he come back the ministers said they guess if 'twas convenient, they would retire. Brother Longman said he felt bad, he was 'fraid that sody water wasn't goin' to set good on his stomach. But I told him it couldn't be that. Most likely he was bilious, and offered him some of Ayeres pills. But he said no, he'd sleep it off, maybe. He was an old man, and I s'posed he was tuckered out, and so Stephen lit 'em up to bed. On account of their bein' so tired I told 'em they needn't stop to pray for us down-stairs; Stephen and me would tend to our own prayin', jest as usual. After they'd got to bed Stephen just remembered his sody water. 'I guess 'taint good for much by this time,' he said, but took up the tumbler and drank a swallow. My! what a face he did make up.

"Why, Sophrony, what is this? What's the matter of it? It don't taste a mite like the other you made."

"Most likely it's 'cause it stood so long," said I, "it's got kinder flat—"

"Flat!" said Stephen, "it's far from flat, it's *sharp*, and bitter, and salt, and tastes like hop tea b'iled down, more than anything else I can think of."

"My goodness!" I screamed, for a sudden thought came over me. I flew to the glass, and tasted it. Yes, Mis' Clover—you've guessed it, I see—as sure as I'm alive and standin' here this blessed minit—I had given them men *yeast* to drink—*hop-yeast!* Brought up the wrong can. I felt as if I should sink or fly, and I didn't care which. I never wanted to set eyes on them ministers again. I then noticed, for the first time, a sort of thickish sediment in the bottom of the other two glasses—some of the potato I s'pose I'd grated into the yeast. They had made the remark that they must drink it quick while it sparkled,

and so I expect hadn't really got a good square taste of it till the last, and then they was too polite to say anything, or even make up a face. Maybe they thought that was the way home-made sody water orter taste.

"My heart was well-nigh broke. I, with all my braggin' about order, and frettin', and stewin', had made a blunder, and a most humiliatin' one, too. I cried about half the night, but Stephen laughed and said:

"'Maybe 'twill do 'em good—give 'em a fresh start in life.'

"The next morning he woke me, saying:

"'Well, Sophrony, I guess it's time to get up. Them ministers must be *rising* by this time.'

"But I didn't feel a mite like laughing; I wasn't goin' to say one word about it when they come down, but I couldn't keep him from speakin'."

"'They'd orter know it,' said he, 'I don't want 'em to think you don't know no better than that.'

"So as Brother Jenkins came thro' the hall humming 'Rise my soul and stretch thy wings,' Stephen spoke up:

"'Your sperits seem to be uncommon *light* this morning. You must have had a good night's sleep.'

"'Yes, I slept,' he replied, 'but I had strange dreams—a feeling as if I was goin' up, up, all the time, and awoke this morning singing "Rise my soul."

"They laughed heartily, and Brother Longman just then appearing, the whole story came out, and I ran and sat down to the table and began to rattle the cups and saucers, but when they all came out laughin' I had to laugh, too, or cry.

"'Never mind, Sister Bassett,' said Brother Jenkins, 'we haven't risen so much above common folks and earthly things that we cannot relish some of your good coffee and muffins this morning.'

"So it passed, and that night we give 'em some real sody water, without any hope or mashed potatoes in it.

"When they were saying good-bye, at

the end of the meetin's, Brother Longman said he thought Sister Bassett should have a vote of thanks for her hospitality.

"Shall it be a *rising* vote?" slyly asked Brother Jenkins."

"Yes, I know what you're talkin' about," said Uncle Stephen Bassett, who just then entered the kitchen, "and one of them ministers, Brother Jenkins, has been risin' ever sence. No jokin', he has, he's Presidin' Elder now; 'spect he'll be

Bishop some day. It's all owin' to Sophrony's yeast."

"I know others 'twouldn't hurt to take a dose," and the kitchen door slammed upon a loud laugh just outside.

"One more thing, Mis' Clover," said Aunty Bassett, as I rose to go, "that very day I writ two papers and pasted 'em onto them two cans, on one it said '*Yeast*' and on the other '*Sody Water*.' "

DOROTHY CLOVER.

PERSONS WHO WILL NOT SAY "NO." Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say "No." They can think "No"—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to think "Yes"—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. These bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straightforward declaration? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow-men in a manly, straightforward way.

SOME ARABIAN PROVERBS: A book is the best companion with which to spend your time. He who asks from a friend more than he can do deserves a refusal. Temperance is a tree that has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit. A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.

FORESIGHT is very wise; but fore-sorrow is very foolish; and castles are, at any rate, better than dungeons in the air.

HUMAN happiness does not result from bodily excellence or from riches, but is founded on uprightness of conduct.

GRIEF and pain come alike to all, and cannot be escaped by any; broken hearts are to be found in palaces as well as in cottages, and the bond of brotherhood seems strongest when love and pity unite all hearts and reverence for what is good lifts up our souls.

SOLITUDE is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is, also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.

IF your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to others or credit to yourself.

HABITS of neatness are partly natural and partly acquired. It should be the aim of every father and mother to teach neatness to their children and insist upon it.

ONLY by slow and painful degrees can we fight our way upward and break loose from the clinging hold of self-love.

THERE is no house so small that it has not room for love; there is no castle so large that it cannot be filled with it.

NELLIE'S LOVE OFFERING.

THE blinds of the beautiful mansion of Squire Reed were closely shut, and long white ribbons streamed from the bell-pull. The pride of the house lay dead.

If any one had been looking out, they would have seen a tiny figure, half-enveloped in a blue sun-bonnet, hovering around the gate, going a little way past it, and then returning, and finally pushing it open just far enough to slip in.

She went up the path that turned to the side of the house, casting furtive glances at the fluttering white ribbons as she passed them, and in a moment she stood at the open door of the kitchen.

"Please'm, I come ter see Miss Neely!"

"Come to see who?"

"Miss Neely, the pretty lady; her what's dead."

"Bless my heart! Well, I guess the likes of you aint a-going in to see our young lady! Who are ye, any how?"

"I'm Nellie Martin, an' I come a-purpose to see her. Oh! won't you let me—jest a teeny minnit? I bringed her all these."

The child held up a bunch of daisies and buttercups in her grimy little hand.

"Law sakes! you're one o' them Martinseys down by the bridge, aint ye! An' ye needn't think we'd have such common truck as that around Miss Cornelius. Why, child, she's lying in a perfect bed of roses an' lillies, besides the room being full. Them common flowers, indeed! you can jest take 'em off!"

"What is it, Jane?" inquired another servant coming to the door.

"Why, here's a little girl wants to see our sweet young lady, an' give her a lot of weeds. It's one of them poor trash she's been so took up with lately, I s'pose—not but what it was awful good of her

that's dead an' gone, but then they needn't persume to come a-wanting to see her an' all that, now."

Just then the Squire went down the walk with listless tread and heavy heart. This was the funeral day, but all the hours that had passed since the stroke had fallen had not eased the bitterness of it or relieved the stony rebellion of his feelings.

He saw the little drooping figure turning away from the door, and half-idly asked :

"What did you want, child?"

"I want to see my own pretty lady, an' they—they wouldn't let me!"

The answer fully aroused the man's attention.

"An—an' she liked me—'fore she was dead."

"Who are you? and how did you know the lady?"

"Why, I'm Nellie Martin, an' she comded to our house lots; an' I bringed her all these flowers, an' now they wont let me in."

"Here, child," said the bereaved father, turning and holding out his hand; "come with me. You shall see her, and give her the flowers, too."

And hand in hand they went around the house, up the steps, and past the soft, white ribbons into the shadowy hall.

"Now, did you ever see the like o' that?" said the astonished Jane. "The master's gone an' took that child in, himself—flowers an' all; an' I shouldn't wonder if he let her leave 'em right among all them nice ones. It beats all how the Squire's broke down!"

The child, half-breathless with wonder and instinctive awe now that she was in the immediate presence of death, followed her guide across the dusky room to the

side of the white casket beneath the windows.

Not a word was spoken as she gazed for a few moments at the sweet pure face uplifted from its satin pillow, and at the profusion of rare and exquisite flowers on every side, and then her poor little offering slipped from her hand, and she sank down on the floor in a little limp heap, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. The sight of her grief unsealed the fountains of the man's tears, and he sat down in the nearest chair and wept as he had not done during all his trouble.

At last he said: "Come, my child, you must not lie here; people will soon be coming in. Pick up your flowers, and you shall leave them here, right in my darling's hands. How did you come to love her so, child?"

"Why, mister, she comded to our house 'most every day, an' bringed me pictures, an' oncen she gived me a ribbon—a blue one; an' she bringed Granny the bestest things ter eat 'cause Granny's sick; she's goin' ter die, too, she says. But Miss Neely, she aint been in ever so many days, an' I looked an' looked for the pony comin' over the hill, an' then a man comded along last night an' said she was dead; an' Granny said as how she'd gone straight to Heaven where all the angels b'longed, an' this mornin' Pete said she hadn't gone yet 'cause the fun'rel wasn't till this afternoon; an' so I jest—I runned away an' picked her these."

"Yes, I understand; I'm glad you brought them."

"An'—an' Granny says we won't never see her comin' down the hill—on her black pony, no—no more at all!" and again a tempest of sobs shook the little frame.

"Don't! don't, my dear!" said the man, hardly able to talk, but feeling constrained to comfort the child. "She can't come back to us, true enough, but if any one ever went to the Kingdom of Heaven, I believe she did. There now, you can tell

Granny that you've seen my child's dear face lying in its bed of flowers, and I will come and talk with you about it when I feel as if I could. I shall be very lonely. Would you like to kiss her before you go?"

"Kiss her? me? Oh! I wouldn't dare—the like o' me! I wisht she'd jest smile at me oncen though; but I'll go now. You wus orful good to let me in when them ones wouldn't."

The Squire stood on the steps and watched the little creature flit down the walk and out along the road, anxious to tell Granny all about it. And then he said, half aloud:

"To think that my dear child, who has been home from school scarcely a year, has sought out the poor and suffering ones in the vicinity, and has won such love as that! and as for me, why, I hardly knew that a family like the Martins existed. Ah, well, my darling! God knew who was fit for His celestial places; it wasn't your poor father; but I will take up your work where you lay it down, if God pleases."

A week later the Squire made a call at the little brown house by the bridge, and there, seated in Granny's humble room, found his first real consolation.

Granny was dwelling in the Land of Beulah, and so near the border that she could almost see with her mortal eyes across into the other country. She was unlearned and very poor. She had always been poor in temporal things, and yet few people had ever attained to such wealth of spiritual riches as had she.

"Ah! the dear heart!" said the old woman; "she used to set in that air very cheer, an' read to me outen the Testament, while Nellie held the pony's bridle an' let him eat the grass right under the winder; an' she give me that, too," pointing to a wall-roll hanging at the foot of the bed. "Ye see it's big print, jest right for my old eyes; an' we used to talk about Heaven, an' how it was there, but I never

thought o' her gittin' there ahead o' me, the bonny young lady! But don't ye grieve overly much, dear sir, for it's a grand thing to have one's very own took to live up yender, with the angels, ye know."

"Yes; but it does me good to hear you talk; it strengthens my faith," said the Squire; and then he asked Granny a few practical questions, and found that she was full of care as to Nellie. Pete, her cousin, would be looked after by his dead mother's folks, and boys can better make

their way in the world, but the little girl had cost her anxious thought.

After a day or two of reflection, and consultation with his household, the Squire offered to adopt Nellie unreservedly, to the great comfort and delight of Granny; and her last earthly care being overpast, she peacefully departed.

And Nellie went to be the pride and pet of the mansion, where once she had gone so meekly to offer her tribute of love to the sweet dead daughter of the house.

LILLIAN GREY.

A ROOT OF SYMPATHY. One of the chief roots from which sympathy springs is a power of imagination. We may know something about ourselves, but we are left to imagine whatever we can about other people. Now, if any one were utterly destitute of imagination, he would likewise be utterly destitute of sympathy. He could form no idea of the condition of others, their thoughts or feelings, temptations or needs, sorrows or joys. How could he feel with them or for them if he could form no picture in his mind of what they felt? Happily no one is left in so forlorn a state.

ONE of the main points in education ought to be to form the habit of treating everything as the possible subject of a great number of questions, some of which at least must be asked and answered before the thing can be, in any true sense, understood. Habit is everything; and if the habit of asking questions arranged under certain categories could once be formed, the victory of intelligence over mental inertia would be secured.

TO SEEM not to hear remarks which are intended to annoy you is a species of negative insincerity which is in many cases commendable. It disappoints and baffles the insulter, and prevents a profit-

less war of words. Such dissimulation may be the means of preventing a breach of the peace; and the "easier way is the best" when the other way is not imperative.

TEST OF LOYALTY. The test of true loyalty which each one may put to himself is, "Am I faithful to truth, to right, to duty, to love? Am I constant to the best methods I can find—to the highest ideas I can form?" To do this much must sometimes be resigned, just as in the ascent of a mountain many pleasant resting-places must be left behind. But he who is thus loyal to his best conceptions will never be disloyal to his nation or his friend. The greater includes the less. "To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

TALK about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are seasoned.

OF all the dark traits that disfigure the human race that of wishing to belittle or degrade the character of another is the lowest.

BARBARA.

CHAPTER I.

I CANNOT to this day realize the strange feeling—rather want of feeling—with pain and with only half-awakened consciousness, looking up and seeing nothing but the ghastly whiteness, the yawning chasm, the broken bridge. In the dusk of the morning we had been awakened with only time to give our curls a hasty twist, set our fur caps askew, and fasten our buttons as we followed each other down-stairs. There is always something laughingly absurd in such hasty transitions that is contagious; and, if a moment intervenes between reaching the platform and the rush of the locomotive, little defects become prominent, and there is no end of wishing we had taken a little time before running the gauntlet of so many strange eyes.

For myself, I had not been asleep; but my dazed look and unfinished appearance favored that conjecture; and I was not sorry. On it came, the one-eyed monster, crunching the white, crystal snow; snorting and puffing, and throwing out volumes of black vapor. There were no leave-takings; we had already shed all the tears we had to shed, still I was obliged to confess a strange feeling of loneliness, and covering my face with my hands I lived it all over again.

For ten years I had "lived upon my uncle," he said, "and for any earthly use he could not see that I was nearer helping myself than I was at the start." My mother was a rare singer, and her piano had come down to me, and likewise her voice. Uncle Richard did not like singing. "It leads to silly ways; and, besides, it is high time for the girl to think of something else," he said to Aunt Abigail. So unlike the dear mother whom I remembered as altogether lovely, I could

hardly comprehend that the two could be brother and sister. Many a time, when the command was given to "shut up the pianneo," Aunt Abigail begged for me:

"Barbara likes it. It brightens up the old place."

"That is it," broke in Uncle Richard, "the house is full all the time; it's singing, and loving, and coddling flowers. I am tired of it—heartily tired of it."

"But, Richard—"

"I don't blame the girl!" Uncle Richard was getting himself into a white heat. "You have brought her up to these idle ways, and what will come of it? I won't have it; I will tell 'em once for all that not a penny of my money will they get. And then you'll see," a hard, cruel smile hovering about his lips.

Possibly Uncle Richard did not intend that I should hear this, but I did hear it, and my resolution was taken. I was old enough to take care of myself, and I would do it. Aunt Abigail did not attempt to change my purpose, only she put her arms around me and drew my head down to her bosom.

"Your uncle does not mean to be unkind, but he does not appreciate music. And, by and by, Barbara, you will come back to us again?"

"Perhaps, if you wish it, Aunt Abigail."

"I wish you always to consider this your home. Your uncle wishes it, I am sure."

All this I was to live over in the gray dawn of the morning as we sped away to the city. I could sing, and I flattered myself that with practice I should in time do as well as my mother had done before me. Then, when I had made a fortune, I would go back to Aunt Abigail; but I would not go before I had demonstrated

to Uncle Richard that my playing and singing were of some account.

I never could tell just how it was. We were running on a down curve, and before us was a long bridge with a frozen river underneath. I tried to look out; but the frost had monopolized the pane, and I settled back in my seat anxious for the full light of another day. The next instant there was a swaying motion, gentle at first, then faster, and then a sense of falling. Somebody said the bridge had given way. I did not cry with affright; I only know that I was on my hands and knees trying to make my way out. Then I saw a thin wave of flame running along the dark line on the snow. It was coming nearer and nearer, licking up all in its way. I rallied all my strength; something held me down; I could not escape.

The next I remember, a lamp was on the table, beside which a woman was standing, while a tall, dark-faced man was watching me very closely.

"You are better," he said, taking one of my hands in his own. "You have had a good sleep, and in a few days you will be quite well."

I tried to ask about the bridge, and failed. It was not as the Doctor predicted, a few days, but weeks before I could sit up. Then I learned that I had been taken from the mass of suffering human beings unbruised, but apparently already dead. I could not keep back tears. I had in my loneliness longed for death, and when it came, when for an instant I felt the terrible plunge and saw the leaping of the red flames, I shrank, and agony swept over me that left the rest a blank. With no one to care for me, why was I spared? and turning my face to the wall I tried to think of the mercy, and frame in my own mind what return I could make for such signal blessings.

I had never known what it was to be ill, and once I began to mend my improvement was rapid. As I grew stronger I was favored with another visitor, a frail,

delicate little girl, who claimed the Doctor as "uncle," and Mrs. Raymond as "grandma." Claire and I soon grew to be fast friends. Every day she brought her books and her playthings to my bed; then when she saw me exhausted, she curled herself up beside me and told me fairy stories, such as her uncle had told her. So, as much through Claire as through his kindness to myself, I grew to love the calm-faced man whose everyday life was a complete abnegation of self.

It was winter when I left Uncle Richard, now tulips were on the walk, and there was promise of summer's growth and bloom. Every morning Thomas brought me flowers, while Claire and I followed him to the terrace to see the new arbor or grotto, in all of which we were expected to show becoming interest.

With his calm face and serious ways I had taken the Doctor to be a middle-aged man, while his mother was young and almost girlish in spite of her silvery hair. Many a laugh we had over it. It was easy to see she worshiped him, while for his mother the Doctor exhibited a warmth of devotion rarely seen in maturer years.

Beyond the garden the grounds swept away to the village with its trim rows of houses and shaded streets. Thickets of oak and maple gave glimpses of steeples and roofs and mimic towers. In the rear of the house, a narrow, rippling stream ran in and out of the willows; further down it was spanned by a bridge, and its wastes, gathered into one common basin, were years ago made to turn the wheels of a mill that gave employment to a score of families.

As I grew stronger we extended our walks to the hem of the village street. Claire pointed out the school-house and the church, and the house where she had been with Uncle Hugh to see Archie when he was sick. Coming home, not unfrequently we met the Doctor. On one occasion I observed to him:

"Clare has been telling me that Uncle Hugh is a minister sometimes."

"She means by that, doubtless, that there are times when the physician must prescribe for the soul as well as the body," turning his gray eyes full upon me.

"I did not think of that," I said, feeling a little awed at the idea of letting him know that Clare and I talked of him.

Pleasant days! but they were not to last. Every day I was growing stronger, and every day the truth was driven home upon my heart that I must leave. I was fond of music, and was considered a proficient. It was because of excellence in this one respect that led my uncle to be unjust toward me. But when I decided to leave, and Professor Gorham offered me more a month than my uncle dreamed of my winning in a year, he was in a measure satisfied that playing and singing was not such a silly business as he had considered it.

The piano did not stand in the parlor, but in a large room at the head of the first flight of stairs; a family-room, with a carpet of rich, creamy white, with an irregular vine of bright-colored blossoms. The chairs and sofas were of the same delicate shade; and the windows were draped with satin the color of the roses, and filmy clouds of costly lace. Mrs. Raymond and her son were fair musicians, and they knew how to appreciate passages that required practice and ability to execute. As yet I had not attempted anything but light music for Claire's benefit. To-night I was in the mood, and feeling it was my last, I played my most effective pieces, and in a way that I felt sure I had never done better. At length my hands dropped from mere exhaustion.

"Are you so very weary?" was asked. I looked up to meet Dr. Raymond's gray eyes. I was conscious that tears were in my own.

"I have been here a long time; and now I am quite strong, and must go away," I answered.

"Professor Gorham will not be likely to accept a teacher in the middle of the term," returned the Doctor.

"Do you think I could have gone before?" the thought flashing through my brain that perhaps I should have gone earlier.

"I do not think it would have been prudent for you to leave, by any means. And I am equally sure that the professor does not now expect you."

"The engagement was that I was to teach this summer."

The vehemence of my words frightened me. I sat quite still, looking down to the keys, and feeling both sorry and ashamed that I had allowed another to read so much of my heart. Without changing his position, the Doctor said :

"If you are decided to teach, suppose you teach Claire. For months I have endeavored to persuade my mother that she needed a better teacher than I am; besides, I have not the time, and the house is quite lonely for all of us. Will you stay, Miss Barbara?"

The sudden revulsion of feeling was too much; I laughed in spite of my tears. To teach Claire would be pastime—why had I not thought of it before?

"Smiles become your style of face; but you have not told me, Miss Barbara," continued the Doctor, with a grave countenance.

"If Claire desires it," I answered.

Mrs. Raymond came in with her work-box in her hand.

"Barbara feels that she is quite strong enough to leave us," the Doctor remarked, as he offered his mother a chair.

"Where is she to go?" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond.

"She thinks Professor Gorham will be waiting for her."

"That is hardly probable," turning her blue eyes to my face.

Dr. Raymond spoke of the plan he had proposed for me to remain and teach Claire.

"Will it please you to do this?" Mrs. Raymond asked.

"You have been so kind to me. Can I do less, if you desire me to remain?" I answered.

"Not as an obligation—no. But, if it will suit you to stay," came earnestly.

"Do not consider me ungrateful," I hastened to remark; "I shall be only too glad to remain, if you desire it."

"I am truly glad, Barbara. I hope you will not regret it," said the motherly woman, in a way that came near making me weep outright.

Not a wink of sleep did I get that night for joy, and when the morning dawned and I realized that the beauty and brightness were still mine, I could hardly control myself. Had I known more of the world, I should, perhaps, have considered the future; as it was, I was too happy in my new home. The harmony of wealth and taste, refinement and culture had a charm for me that was crowned and made perfect by the love of Claire and the friendship of Dr. Raymond and his mother. Following the latter over the house, sitting in the twilight, or walking up and down the walks, there was much to remind me of Aunt Abigail; but there was nothing to recall my uncle, with his cold, stern voice and decided manner. After all, he was my uncle; and now that I was parted from him, I felt only the more willing to excuse him, and consider it "his way," and clinging to the idea that with all his fault-finding it was possible he loved me.

CHAPTER II.

As I had never taught, it was not without a degree of pride that I watched Claire's improvement, and listened from time to time to the appreciative remarks of Mrs. Raymond and her son. It was not all study. With a constantly increasing practice the Doctor gave us errands; sometimes it was to read to a patient,

sometimes to carry a favorite dish to a convalescent. Whatever it was we took delight in doing it—a delight that was shared by the Doctor, and thus repeated like images in a mirror, gladdening and making bright our daily life, and forging unseen the fetters that were to bind us in stronger than links of steel.

For a week company had been expected; everything was in perfect order; the best chamber was set aside for the guest; and every day Claire and I cut roses, and sitting down on the steps we filled the pretty antique vases, and held them up for Mrs. Raymond to admire.

"I trust you will like this friend of ours," Mrs. Raymond said to me one morning. "Hugh had a letter yesterday. It seems she was sent out of her way, leaving the train at Colgate, instead of coming on to Hepworth. In this case Hugh will have to go for her, and Claire and I will perhaps ride down to Mrs. Maples'; it is quite on the way. You won't mind staying by yourself, dear?"

"Not in the least; and I shall be glad to know you have the drive. Everything is in readiness, and I can take a good long practice; my fingers are just right for it," I said, laughingly.

"If it were not for coming home I should not allow you to remain, anxious as your fingers may be for a good run over the keys. But four will be as many as can conveniently be seated; and Florence will be sure to have wraps and satchels."

Claire was wild with excitement. It was ten miles to Colgate, and such wonders they were sure to see on the way!

"If you were only going," she said, as I walked with her to the carriage, and then stood a moment with my foot on the steps to bid her good-bye. "Will you be very lonely?" holding up her lips for a kiss.

"I am to practice my hardest pieces, and I shall sing to the top of my voice," I answered, merrily.

"But I want you to miss us; I want

you to be just a little lonesome—don't you, Uncle Hugh?" to the Doctor, as he came down the steps.

"What is that, Claire?" tossing a look at the little, flushed face. "Cannot you part with your teacher for a few hours without feeling badly?"

"It is not quite that, Uncle Hugh; I want she should miss us just a little bit."

"That is a little bit selfish, is it not, Claire?" the gray eyes looking serious, while the voice was playful. "Uncle Hugh would like Miss Barbara to be as happy as possible this afternoon. To one who lives rightly, happiness is as natural as bloom to the flower. But, lest Claire should be disappointed, you must not forget to tell us how you spent the time, and if, indeed, you missed us," looking with his clear eyes into my face.

Claire strained her eyes for another look. The carriage was going through the gate; the sun-rays caught in the bright buckles and polished panels made a glittering picture; while shining above them all was the massive head and rough-lined face of the man whose sole business it was to make others comfortable.

Thomas was gone to the village, and the boy Dennis was at work uprooting a tree in the lower part of the grounds that had been splintered by lightning. As I stood on the veranda I could plainly see him. The blighted tree stood like a bleached skeleton, with long, black arms, where but a week before it was green and beautiful. A faint, sickly sensation crept over me. I turned to the parlor; the sunshine sifted through the meshes of delicate lace and nestled in the heart of the roses. Still I could see nothing but the shattered tree, struck down in its pride and beauty, and now uprooted and cast away.

Hannah came to say that if I did not mind she would go out for a little. The woman's voice roused me; besides, I was to have a good long practice. Operas, waltzes, and long, dreamy études followed;

but I was in no mood, the skeleton once called up could not be thrust aside; there was a shadow, a nameless fear. Perhaps I was not quite well; certainly my head ached, a walk in the fresh air would do me good. In the door I stopped to listen for some sound, but all was quiet. The vine-covered out-houses sent long shadows across the grass plot, and the trees that crowded over them seemed to blend and be one with them. In the honeysuckle over the windows bees were gathering honey, and singing drowsily as they journeyed to and from the hives. The river in the distance shone like a skein of silver.

Following the zigzag path, bordered with long grasses, I stood, at length, on the white sand; birds sailed low over the glistening water, and tiny waves made music along the shore. A sudden thought seized me; I wrote my name in the sand, the day and date, then laughed as a wave still larger swept grandly over it and washed it out forever.

The sun fell clear and warm on the old mill, giving to the long moss on the broken roof a golden gleam, and leaving the ivy-tangled willows in deep shade. Led on by a strange impulse, I pushed my way through pools of sunshine and purple shade until I reached the useless wheel. A weird power seized me. How many tales it had to tell! How many scenes enacted there! A lizard started out of the heart of the golden moss and ran away, the tall grass bent with soft sinuous motion, and a snake slid down into the water. A cold, shivering sensation took possession of me. I put my foot upon a slippery spoke and climbed over the broken rim and along the great central beam to the low, overhanging eaves. Swallows had built their nests here, and, startled by my presence, swept out with shrill, frightened cries. The road leading to the village ran along the opposite side of the mill. Through the loose boards I caught a glimpse of two women walking slowly;

then a voice. It was Hannah. The words came clear and distinct.

"It is a pity," speaking to her friend, "to have come just now; everything is so happy with them all since Miss Barbara came. And now there will be a change."

"You say Miss Claire is fond of her teacher?" was asked.

"Certainly she is, and Hugh and his mother, for that matter. But she's an Eastbrook, and the sister of her who was to have been his wife."

How I reached home I do not know; but I was there when Hannah came in—at the piano, just where she left me.

"Why, dearie, you haven't been playing all this time!" as she smoothed her white apron, and sent her gaze over the room to see if everything was tidy. "Why, child, you are as tired as tired can be, and your hands are feverish! When I got through I just run down to see May Pierce, and met her there by the mill. You should have seen it; the sunlight on the roof made it look like gold. I thought of you and little Miss Claire."

I tried to speak cheerfully, and did so. Why should Florence Eastbrook's visit make me unhappy? I would not think of it, and with this I began to laugh and sing until Hannah was persuaded that I was not so very tired after all. But when the carriage came, when I forced myself to go to the porch to welcome them, when I saw him lift her out and give her his arm, leaving me to assist his mother and Claire, it was all plain to me. I saw my heart as I had never before seen it, and my cheeks were crimsoned with shame. Why had I allowed myself to drift on in this manner, giving my love unasked? It was unwomanly, and I reproached myself as guilty of a grievous offense.

Very pretty and girlish Florence Eastbrook looked as she entered the supper-room. Her dress was of some soft silken stuff, blue and gold, with delicate frills of costly lace. She wore a pearl necklace

with a dimond cross, and on the forefinger of her left hand a ring with a single stone that shone like a star. An abundance of rich auburn hair rippled away from a forehead of ivory whiteness, and her delicately outlined cheeks wore a flush too deep for pink or rose. Ah! me, had I only known! As it was, I hated her from the first, and I hated myself. It was beneath me to feel as I did, still I did feel, and I resolutely set to work to conquer it. Raising my eyes, I caught the reflection of my own face in the long mirror—now dark and absolutely ugly, and the red in my cheeks was coarse and rough compared to hers. I had no appetite, and it required all my strength of will to keep from crying outright. Once I saw Mrs. Raymond look at me in a sweet, motherly fashion, while the Doctor had eyes and ears only for Florence, careful to secure the choicest bits for her plate, mindful that she was out of the draught, and looking at her with his great honest eyes, as though he would guard her from some encroachment.

After tea he made her lie back in the softest arm-chair. Then he opened the piano and asked me to play and sing. At first I was half inclined to refuse. It was unfeeling in him. Did he not know that I had played and sung sufficient for one day? And now to be called upon to amuse this visitor—this girl who was to him more than everything else in the world. Seeing me hesitate, he brought his flute, and so kindly arranged everything. I could not hold out against him, although my heart reproached me for softening as I did at the sight of his face. I never played better, and the Doctor was in his happiest mood. At the close, Mrs. Raymond thanked me in her good, motherly way, and Florence held out her hand with such sweet satisfaction in her face, I could but take it in the same spirit; and, taking it, I stooped and kissed her, then turned to leave the room. I was not aware Dr. Raymond was standing in the door until I reached him.

"Thank you for that, Barbara; I was sure you would like her, as she will like you."

Without daring to raise my eyes to his face, I rushed out with a quick "good night," and up the stairs to my own room. How dark and cheerless it looked! It was darker still in my heart. I did not care to light the gas. Limp and nerveless I settled down in a heap by the window, and hid my face in my hands; heart-broken as I was, I had only myself to blame. It was wrong to have stayed; but it was so pleasant; just such a home as I had all my life longed for, and they were so kind, and the Doctor was such a great, good man!

A firm step was on the stairs, and then I heard Mrs. Raymond coming up with Florence. I heard Dr. Raymond ask if she was sure she had everything for her comfort, and then a sweet girlish voice in exclamation of delight over the flowers—I had cut the choicest, matching one against the other, and disposing the vases in such a way as to secure the best effect. I was glad to know that she appreciated them.

"But you must not sleep with so many of them in the room," the Doctor said, and he set them one by one into the balcony. "The night air will keep them fresh, and to-morrow you can enjoy their beauty."

How I tried to crush it all out of my heart, but the more I tried the fairer it seemed to me, the beautiful life we had led since that early spring day when I awoke to consciousness in a new world. There came to my ears the shutting of a door, then steps in the hall, and voices just outside my room.

"There is no light; I am afraid Barbara is not well; I never saw her with such a weary look."

It was Mrs. Raymond, and my heart smote me. It was not often she had a pleasure, and my cloudy face made her reproach herself for leaving me alone.

This must not be. If I had wronged myself I must not thrust my grief into another's face; the wisest thing would doubtless be to go away. I would write to Professor Gorham immediately.

A month passed. Florence was treated to rides and walks, her delicate beauty and pretty girlish ways winning every heart. Never was a lover more assiduous in his attentions than Dr. Raymond, while I exerted myself to control feelings of which I was thoroughly ashamed. Each day I cut the choicest flowers for her room, picked the ripest berries for her to eat, and was always ready to play and sing. After the first burst of grief I did not feel as acutely. My heart was frozen. I did not even hate. The world was wide, and I was young and strong. Besides, I was going to Professor Gorham's. I was to teach. Mrs. Raymond had been so kind I would not leave her until her guest was gone. And thus assisting Hannah all I could, and teaching Claire, I managed to have not a moment of time to go and come with the others. Sometimes I met Dr. Raymond's calm gray eyes fixed on my face as though he read me like a book, but my armor was proof, and I flattered myself that he could not see how cold and still my heart was.

One morning Florence complained of a headache, the Doctor was out, I could not see her suffer, and, winning her to the sofa, I bathed her temples until the fever was cooled down and she slept. Never had I seen a human being as lovely. I did not wonder that he loved her. And she was good as she was beautiful. There was no sting. I could not think of it now, and I was glad that he was out and I could show that there was no bitterness in my heart.

Cooling the air that rippled over the fair face with my fan, I sat beside her, not daring to move, and only anxious to have her sleep. Suddenly I heard a step, and, before I could leave the room, Dr. Raymond stood before me. For a moment

he bent over Florence with that indescribable look that I had seen him so often wear. Then he took my cold hands in his own and led me away to the window.

"Since Florence has been here we have seen very little of you, Barbara. Why have you eluded me? why have you so often run away, as you were about to do just now?"

I could not escape his eyes, and I stammered out something about his friend.

"My friend and patient." Then raising my face to the level of his own, "you have been watching over Florence this morning. Do you know how really ill she is?"

Had melted lava been poured into my veins I should not have felt more keenly.

"She complained of headache," I answered.

"And you bathed her temples and sung her to sleep. I thank you for this, Barbara; I have endeavored to give her all the time I could spare, and my patients have sometimes suffered, but it will not save her." And, sitting there, the Doctor told me of the family taint, the cruel destroyer, consumption, pulling upon the young life. "Florence is the last, and her parents sent her to me, knowing that I would do all that I could to restore her."

"But I thought she was—I understood that"—and, trying as I did to conceal my emotion, the Doctor saw it all. There was no time then to explain; Florence was awake. And hearing Hannah's voice, I ran away under the plea of being called; but, in truth, to shed happy tears.

That evening Florence insisted upon my taking her place in the phaeton; her head still ached. When I returned I was happier than I ever dreamed to be in this world. And not the least did it please me to think that, had I known, I could not have been kinder to the sweet girl who leaned upon Dr. Raymond, as one who had loved and cared for her sister, and whose skill she felt, if skill could avail, would save her for a few years to bless her father's house.

A few days later Dennis came in with the mail. It was quite a large package. I trembled, for I thought of Professor Gorham, and most likely he had specified the time. After reading a letter from Mr. Eastbrook, saying that he would come for Florence such a day, the Doctor held up two with my name written in a firm, manly hand. There was no alternative; I crossed the room to receive them. As I did so he rose, and, drawing my arm within his own, led me to his mother.

"This girl has arranged with Professor Gorham to run away from us, and only yesterday I succeeded in making her understand that I had better claim to her than anybody else. What do you say to this, mother?"

"My daughter," was the only response, but the clasp of her hand was so warm and tender, the kiss on my lips so expressive of the mother-love, it was the Eden of delight to my heart. Florence congratulated me with a pretty fervor all her own. She had suspected it from the beginning. She was glad, heartily glad.

THE battle of life has to be fought, and is unavoidable; but the weapons it has to be fought with, the spirit which is to guide the combatant, the object to be fought for, and the kind of victory to be won, these are all to a large extent within the discretion of every individual soldier.

THE body fashions itself more or less after the intents of the mind. Just as a man's character gradually stamps itself upon his face, so, literally, does his habitual conduct impress itself upon each organ and tissue of his body. In order to perfect health, then, it is clear that we must begin in the region of the intellect.

IRIS AND ORANGE FLOWER.

Of all the perfumes the iris (or orris) is sweetest and freshest, for it is like the very air of spring-time.

Two ounces of the powdered iris every two weeks laid between the folds of a sachet that can be easily refilled will keep very fragrant. When the odor has evaporated it may be revived by putting the powder into a loosely-tied handkerchief and shaking it thoroughly. When it seems entirely gone a delightful fragrance will still arise from a handful thrown into a warm bath. The apparently odorless powder mingled with honey makes an admirable and sweet cosmetic for hands and face.

A word or two about the plant itself.

The yellow iris grows lavishly by all the marshy borders of France, but the Germanic iris, varied from deepest violet to faintest blue, is the iris *par excellence*, for according to the myth Iris, the messenger of Juno and the gods, was none other than the rainbow. The *fleur-de-lis* of the French banner was the yellow iris of the marshes, though some have insisted that this device was meant for a halberd, or the point of a lance. "Our kings," says an old French writer, "carry three golden lilies on a field azure, like yellow iris floating on blue water." At first the lilies were scattered indefinitely, but Charles V reduced the number to three.

According to Ovid, the blue lily sprang from the blood of Hyacinth. Apollo wept over the flower of his young friend and his tears imprinted on its petals the letters "ai, ai," which in Greek signify "alas! alas!" With a little effort of imagination the Greek letters—capitals—may be read in the outlines of certain varieties of the flower.

There are more than one hundred va-

rieties of the iris. That of Florence, with its lovely white flowers, is valued for its delicate perfume. The root when fresh exhales a most nauseating odor, but when dried is like sweetest violets. The most beautiful specimens of this interesting plant are found at the Cape of Good Hope.

Orange-flower water is put to so many uses by the French that I marvel a demand is not made on our Southern groves for this exquisite flavoring.

First of all, it is very calming. A teaspoonful in water with sugar will quiet the nerves, while mixed with tincture of valerian it takes away much of the unpleasantness of that favorite remedy. A few drops in a cup of black tea—Souchong, or English breakfast, mind, *not* oolong or green—with milk or without it, would deceive any one, even a Celestial, into believing he was drinking the finest orange pekōe. This hint, Mesdames, is worth remembering for your five o'clock teas.

Orange flower is also delightful in corn-starch, custard, ice-cream, and candies. For invalids, too, who must drink milk and are tired of it, a teaspoonful of *eau de fleurs d'oranger* with a little sugar will help them to like it. It is also agreeable in chocolate and cocoa, and, as a change from extract of vanilla, is very nice in cottage cheese, or in the cream that is served with it.

When the ornamental orange trees in the gardens of the Tuilleries are trimmed the clippings are given to the nurses in charge of a hospital on the right bank of the Seine, to make *tisane* for their patients. The clippings from the Luxembourg gardens are donated to the nurses of a hospital on the left bank.

F. T.

A WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

"IN our early married life," said Grand-father Gordon, "your grandmother and I were quite fond of visitin', and went to a good many places such as we wouldn't think of goin' to now. Not that we're any prouder now than we used to be, but we've learned not to go anywhere and everywhere jest because somebody's asked us. I am goin' to relate an incident which has had somethin' to do about settin' us agin' promiscuous visitin'."

"At the time it took place we were livin' in the western part of York State.

"You see, it was the fall of the year, and we had been invited by our neighbors, the Cranes, to come and spend Thanksgivin' at their house. We had never visited the Cranes, and, in fact, didn't know much about 'em, though we'd seen 'em off and on for probably a year or more. But they seemed to be clever sort of folks, always urgin' us to come and see 'em at some futur' time. And so as it was, and their last invitation bein' such a special one, we made up our minds to take 'em at their word.

"In those days I was the owner of a yoke of black oxen with white faces, and in order to explain things by and by, I may as well tell you that I owned also a black cow.

"Well, Thanksgivin' forenoon I yoked up the oxen and hitched 'em to the sled, helped your grandmother in with the baby—your Aunt Keziah—then I got in and we set out.

"It was two miles to Crane's, and a good part of our way lay through a heavily-wooded swamp chuck-full of pond-holes. There was a smatterin' of snow on the ground, but the weather wa'n't what you'd call cold, and the water in the pond-holes hadn't frozen a bit.

"It was slow travelin' over the bogs, as

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there wa'n't no road across the swamp in our direction, and we didn't git to our destination till about noon.

"The Crane house was a log one and small, and the door stood wide open.

"I chained the oxen to a tree and we went in.

"The five Crane children—all girls—were settin' around on the bare floor makin' rag babies. They were chatterin' away like magpies, so absorbed they didn't see nor hear us till we'd got fairly into the doorway. Then they hushed up quick as scat.

"'How do you do, children,' says your grandmother, 'is your ma to home?'

"'No ma'am,' the oldest girl says, bashfully, 'she's down to Mrs. Clark's. But I'll go and tell her she's got company.'

"She brought for'ard some stools for us to set on and was gone before we'd time to fix up any kind of an answer.

"'Where's your father?' I asked the rest of the children, who were edgin' up to look at the baby.

"'Gone to town,' one of 'em said.

"Your grandmother and I couldn't do more than stare at each other. We begun to feel pretty queer to think of bein' invited to a party and we the only ones to it, so to speak. If it hadn't been for the looks of the thing we'd a-gone straight home. But we couldn't either one of us think of a sign of an excuse to git away.

"In about half an hour Mrs. Crane came in, and the way she carried on, shakin' hands with us and makin' a fuss over the baby, you'd a-thought she was half tickled to death to see us.

"'I declare!' says she, 'I'd entirely forgot that you was a-comin' to-day, or I'd a surely been to home and fixed up for you. And there's pa gone off to town, too. He's the forgetfullest man! You

must stay till he gits back, so't he can git to see you a *little* while anyhow, or he'll never git over your visitin' us and he not to home. What a beautiful baby yours is! I declare, I never can tell which she looks the most like, her pa or her ma.'

"Then she went right to work, bustlin' around to fix up somethin' to eat. She fried some meat and got a little shortenin' to make a cake. Then after the cake was baked she made some biscuits and toasted a lot of dry bread to make crust coffee.

"She didn't seem to have scarcely any dishes in the house and kep' a-washin' 'em up as fast as she used 'em, and usin' 'em over ag'in. It was a long time before the meal was ready, and when we at last set down to the table I had a saucer to eat out of, and your grandmother eat out of a cup.

"Jest how she managed I don't clearly see to this day. She says a man never could a-done it, and I agree with her. But I got along pretty well with my saucer, though to be sure I couldn't git much on to it.

"I'll venture to say I've tasted better cooked victuals than those were. The biscuits were sour, and flat, and sticky, the coffee tasted dreadful burnt, and the cake was heavy in the middle. But it was late, and your grandmother and I were both mortal hungry. So we managed to git things down, and in a sort of way enjoy 'em, though my stomach did begin to feel kind of monotonous tow'rd the end of the meal.

"By the time we were through eatin', and your grandmother and Mrs. Crane had cleared away the victuals and washed the dishes, it was well on tow'rd sundown, and I said something about goin' home. But nothin' would do for Mrs. Crane but we'd got to wait till Crane came back from town.

"'He's likely to git here most any time, now,' says she, 'and he'll never git over it if you don't stay.'

"This being the second time Mrs. Crane had warned us of the awful effect it was

sure to have on Crane if he didn't see us that day, we concluded to settle down and wait for him.

"Well, by and by Crane came, tickled to death to see us, jest as his wife had been, and with the same excuse of forgittin' that we was comin', and a-urgin' us to stay longer. So we stayed on, and he and I talked over the weather, and how the crops had turned out, and the mysterious shootin' of neighbor Watkins's best dog, and other matters till about dark.

"By that time the Cranes seemed to have got more reconciled to the idee of partin' with us, for when we mentioned goin' home they didn't say a great deal ag'in it, and that only in a mild sort of way. So I hitched up the oxen to the sled and brought it round to the door.

"The Cranes had been butcherin' the day before, and the smell of blood had jest about set those two oxen crazy. As soon as I'd helped your grandmother in and handed her the baby, what should the critters do but start off on a full run for home.

"And right there, I can tell you, I didn't lose much time in follerin' 'em in wild pursuit.

"They ran at a lively gait across the quarter-mile strip of clearin', but when they plunged into the woods I wasn't far behind 'em.

"Well, they didn't run fast nor far after they got into that swamp.

"It was dark as pitch in the woods. I could hear the baby crying at the top of her lungs, and made for the sound as fast as I could, which wa'n't lightnin' quick in those bogs. All at once I went ker-slosh into a pond of water, and wadin' on a few rods—for it proved to be a big one—I found those two oxen astraddle of a stump.

"They were still attached to the sled, and your grandmother and the baby were in it, none the worse for the race, exceptin' for bein' a good deal shook up and some scared.

" Well, I managed to git the oxen off the stump, and started 'em on out of the pond. But pretty soon I could feel the sled begin to wabble more'n usual and go in a kind of slow, jerky fashion. You see, I had hold of the side of the thing as I waded along.

" Then it stopped.

" I laid on the ox-gad, but the sled only jerked around helplessly and didn't seem to move for'ard an inch.

" We could hear some animal porch ! porch ! porch ! through the mud and water somewhere ahead of us. I told your grandmother I guessed the old cow must be comin' to meet us.

" But when we listened closer we noticed the sounds kep' goin' on ahead, gettin' fainter and softer and dyin' by inches, so to speak.

" Then I thought about the ox-gad, and used it ag'in. The sled jerked for'ard a little ways, and stopped.

" By that time I thought somethin' must be up and went to the front to see if anything was the matter there and found that one of the oxen was gone.

" Well, of course, that explained the sounds we'd heard, as well as other matters.

" In spite of my perplexity over our des'rit situation I couldn't help but laugh, most of all, to think how I'd accounted for those sounds to your grandmother. I jest broke down and ha-hahed, till she told me, for pity's sake, to try and do somethin', and not stand there laughin' all night.

" By and by I calmed down enough to hold up the end of the yoke and help the ox that had stuck to us pull the sled out of that pond.

" Then I didn't know what to do next, but your grandmother climbed out of the sled, and says she :

" ' I aint a-goin' to stay in there any longer. Unhitch that critter, and we'll foller him home if he knows enough to go there. I aint got the least idee which way to go, and I don't believe you have.'

" These idees were new ones to me, and I meekly unhitched the ox, which appeared to be a good deal relieved at bein' free, for he rubbed his nose ag'inst my hand in a gratified sort of way before he started off. I took the baby from your grandmother, and we foller'd the sound of the critter as he went porch ! porch ! porching along through mud and slush.

" I'd been too excited before to notice jest what kind of an awful time I was a-havin', but I'll venter to say it wa'n't nothin' but a drop in the bucket compared to what commenced then, for you see I couldn't feel ahead nor help myself much on account of carryin' the baby.

" As it was, my motions were jest a continual string of surprises. Seemed as if every time I'd step my feet would go where I least expected 'em to. It's a wonder the breath hadn't left my body, as I zigzagged up and down and here and there, among the bogs. Sometimes runnin' into a stump or a tree, then ag'in pitchin' into a pond-hole. The motions of a churn-dasher combined with the pend'lum to a clock, wa'n't nothin' to my vibrations.

" Wet through as I was, I found I could git wetter, as I stumbled and floundered along. But somehow I always managed to keep the baby from gittin' much wet.

" The little thing was dreadful nervous, and sometimes when I'd put in one of my biggest stumbles, she'd cry out as if she was killed. Then I'd have to stop and git her quiet, before I could hear what direction the ox was takin'. That is, so long as he kep' in hearin' distance, for it wa'n't long before he deserted us, too.

" As for your grandmother, she was most of the time down on her hands and knees, crawlin' and feelin' her way over the bogs and amongst the stumps and what not of that swamp.

" Once she hollered out as if she was in pain.

" ' What's the matter, Amanda ? ' says I.

" 'Somethin' came ag'inst me and raked my bunnit off, and I can't find it,' says she.

" 'Never mind, Amanda,' says I, 'put your shawl over your head and come on. We can afford to lose that bunnit. I lost my hat a long ago, and I forgot to speak of it. It'll be a miracle if we don't lose our lives, before we git out of here.'

" But she never reely got discouraged till that ox got out of hearin'. Then I s'pose she must a set square down, for I heard a decided splash, and her voice came up from the bogs a-orderin' me to halt, and says she :

" 'I'm tired to death, and I've a mind to set here all night. What shall we do? Whatever can we do without that ox?'

" 'Don't worry about that ox, Amanda,' says I, 'he'll git along.'

" I was thankful I couldn't see howshe must a-glared in my direction as she says, defiantly:

" 'Who said I was a-worryin' about that ox? What I want to know is how we air goin' to git out of here without him to foller.'

" 'Jest keep a-goin',' says I, 'that's all the way I know. Come, do git up, Amanda, and keep up your grit. We may git out all right.'

" I spoke more encouragin' than I felt, for there wa'n't a moon nor a star above us; nor anywhere else. Besides this, we were shiverin' and wet to the bone, and when we said anything our teeth chattered so we couldn't hardly git the words out.

" However, my encouragin' words had the effect of rousin' your grandmother up, and we continnered on our way.

" Well, we kep' a-goin' and kep' a-goin', stoppin' and stumblin', flounderin' and crawlin', till that everlastin' distance of swamp was used up, and we emerged onto the clearin'. And then, if there were ever two thankful critters, they were your grandmother and I.

" It was a good deal lighter out of the woods, as it naterally would be. And all of the clouds that had been over the sky had broke away and left the stars a-shinin'.

" I took a survey around, but couldn't tell for the life of me where we were.

" 'We're in a part of the country I never saw before,' says I. ' We must a-traveled miles, Amanda.'

" Your grandmother groaned.

" 'I don't doubt it, from my feelin's,' says she. ' What air we goin' to do?'

" 'We'll jest have to travel till we find some place to stay all night,' says I, leadin' off. ' Come on, Amanda.'

" Your grandmother groaned ag'in as she follerred.

" 'I always lotted on dyin' at home, when I died at all,' says she. ' But I s'pose it aint to be.'

" 'Don't be too sure about dyin', Amanda,' says I, cautiously. ' You may git over it.'

" 'It aint anyways likely,' says she; ' I'm as near dead as I ever expect to be.'

" 'Which proves you don't expect to die right off,' says I, tryin' to joke.

" But your grandmother groaned, if anything dismaler than ever.

" We'd probably gone about forty rods when we saw a cluster of dark objects off to our left, and as we turned and got nearer, we discovered 'em to be a barn, with some other buildin's beyond.

" 'I'd like to know where we air,' says your grandmother, as we were advancin' onto 'em.

" 'I can tell you who we air,' says I, grimly, for I begun to feel kind of sheepish about goin' onto perfect strangers at that time of night. ' I can tell you who we air, Amanda, we air wild geese, and this is our wild-goose chase.'

" 'Crane chase, more like,' says she. And then we broke down and laughed, feelin' just faint and used up enough.

" Pretty soon we came to a fence run-

nin' along one side of the barnyard. We found two black-lookin' objects there huddled up close to the bars.

"These folks have left some of their cattle outside," says I. "Forgot 'em, probably."

"The truth seemed to flash all over

your grandmother at once. She grabbed onto my arm with a death-grip.

"Air we fools, Israel Gordon?" says she, in the awfulest voice I ever heard any one git on. "These air our own oxen, and this is our own home!"

S. L. MORGAN.

FRUIT AS MEDICINE. Grapes come first, especially black grapes, which are most nutritious, and at the same time purifying to the blood. Peaches also are most hygienic to the human system, as well as being one of the most exquisite fruits in nature. Nothing, indeed, is more palatable, wholesome, and medicinal than a good ripe peach. Peaches, however, should not be eaten over-ripe. They may be eaten at meals or between meals; they are particularly hygienic when eaten at breakfast. An orange eaten before breakfast will, it is said, cure dyspepsia sooner than anything else. Apples are also very hygienic, especially when baked or stewed. They are excellent in many cases of illness and are far better than salts, oils, and pills. The juice of oranges, as of lemons, is most valuable to make drinks in case of fever. Tomatoes are also excellent remedies in some liver and gastric complaints and are certainly more pleasant than medicines. Figs, raspberries, strawberries, currants, and cherries are all cooling and purifying to the system, while being nutritious at the same time.

A CASE ON ORIENTAL JUSTICE. Dr. Henry M. Scudder relates a case of Oriental justice that could hardly be outdone for sharp and subtle discriminations. Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton, they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat;

and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat, by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound about it a rag soaked in oil. The cat, going too near the fire, set the rag on fire, and, being in great pain, rushed in among the cotton bales where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton thereby took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss. The three other partners brought an action to recover the value of the cotton against the fourth partner who owned the particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case and decided thus: "The leg that had the oil rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg—in fact, it held up that leg and ran with the other three legs. The three unhurt legs therefore carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."

HARD-UP friend: "I say, will you lend me half a dollar?" Deaf man: "Eh—what?" Hard-up friend, louder: "Will you lend me a dollar?" Deaf man, sharply: "You said half a dollar just now!"

SORROWS are gardeners—they plant flowers along waste places and lead vines to cover barren heaps.

THE KENNEDYS OF BROADOAKS.*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

CHAPTER X.

AROUND the cabin where the old woman lay dying were knots and groups of negroes, standing aimlessly about, or sitting on the fence and woodpile. They talked in subdued whispers and cast ominous glances in the direction of the cabin. Now and again one would enter, remain a moment, and return to report that "de bref was in her still." The young ladies passed directly to the house, scarcely pausing to return the numerous salutations which greeted them.

The interior of the cabin presented picturesque and painful contrasts. The smoke-stained walls were adorned with gaudy pictures, glazed and mounted like maps, and with prints cut from illustrated newspapers; the rafters sustained the usual accumulation—splint baskets, large and small, strings of red pepper, bags of seed, and an old musket with a damaged lock, held in place against a beam by wooden cleats. In the wide fireplace a few chunks, laid with their noses together, made a dull glow and sent up wreaths of gray smoke. The calico curtain had been folded aside from the window, and the gairish daylight revealed the secrets of the place. On the bed lay the dying woman, her breath coming and going in fluctuating gasps, her eyes half-closed, and her wrinkled black face made awful by the sickly gray pallor underlying its darkness.

Colonel Kennedy sat in a low chair beside the bed, his crutches resting against the wall behind him. One withered hand was clasped in his and every now and

then he would bend over and speak to her, using the familiar Southern term, "Mammy." At the sound of his voice the eyelids would quiver and it would seem as though the clouded brain would feebly strive to formulate response; but, as she grew weaker, all effort gradually ceased. For a moment there was a slight stir near the door, followed by the entrance of Edward Kennedy and Dr. Seldon. The physician stepped at once to the bed, laid his finger on the pulse and bent low to catch the labor of heart and breath. Then he shook his head, whispered a word to Colonel Kennedy and drew back beside Bernard, leaving the two gentlemen, with the half-dozen negroes composing the old woman's family, beside the bed.

The silence was intense, and the air grew heavy with the death presence. A messenger stole out with the tidings that the end was at hand, and the cabin noiselessly filled with negroes who, with the morbid instinct of their race, had assembled to witness the death scene. The ashen look deepened, the breath fluttered in faint gasps, and over the face passed that strange look of illumination which comes to the dying sometimes when the end is free from pain. Colonel Kennedy touched his brother's hand and the two men knelt, with bended heads, while the elder repeated the prayer for the passing spirit.

When all was over the white people withdrew, leaving the family to that wild exuberance of passion which with tropical natures is inseparable from every manifestation of emotion. Outside the party

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paused to greet acquaintances among the colored people, and for Colonel Kennedy to give the necessary directions about the grave. It was to be made beside that of old Nat, her first husband, in the burying-ground around the old church. Peyton would show the men the precise spot.

Then the brothers moved away to speak to an elderly colored man who had come out from the cabin and cast himself down on the woodpile, his brawny shoulders bowed and his head resting, face downward, on his folded arms. He was not weeping. When Colonel Kennedy spoke his name and laid a sympathetic hand on his shoulder, he raised a countenance dull and heavy with pain, but tearless. It was an unattractive face, very black and crude and unfinished of feature and outline, but the eyes looked out with the wistfulness, the dumb craving for response seen most often in the eyes of a faithful dog, and went far to redeem the brutality of the lower jaw. He did not rise, nor change his position beyond the simple lifting of his head, but his air was respectful, and he listened to what was being said to him. He was old Nancy's only child by her first marriage, and had played with the two gentlemen in boyhood. A heavily-built negro, strong and stalwart, despite his fifty odd years, with the reputation of being steady and harmless, but slow-witted.

"Where does Patrick work now?" inquired Edward Kennedy, a little later, as he helped his brother to mount. "I haven't seen him around for weeks, until he came for me this morning."

"At the mine, I believe. A good many negroes are employed there. Redwood believes in the thing and keeps a good force on. Pat's a strong fellow, and not much past his prime. He can swing a pick with any man yet."

"Strong as a mule," assented Mr. Kennedy. "He was the best ditcher we ever owned. Here, Rebie, come and ride my horse to Broadoaks with your father. I'm

going to walk back through the woods with Bernard. I want to stop by the graveyard."

During their walk Bernard mentioned Mammy's superstition and the instances she had given in evidence of its truth, and also told of the signs of digging found that morning in the burying-ground. Uncle Ned, as would most sensible men, laughed at the notion of spiritual interference in mundane matters taking so useless a turn. To mark out a grave in the identical spot where the person indicated would naturally be buried appeared a work of supererogation, while to set the sign of a coming disaster in a place where in all probability no human being would see it until after the disaster should have occurred did not suggest great acumen on the part of the spirits. Uncle Ned's opinion of spiritual endowment ranged higher. The digging had probably been quite without intention, and had doubtless been the work of some idle negro passing through the graveyard with his spade.

And so the subject was dismissed.

It was arranged that old Nancy's burial should take place the following afternoon, as negroes have an invincible objection to deferring an interment one instant longer than necessity compels. No sooner is life extinct than they set about the preparations which they are generally enabled to complete in an incredibly short time, from the fact that on such occasions there is never a dearth of willing and active workers. A morbid interest in the dramatic effects of the great human tragedy is characteristic of a certain phase of development, and among negroes this interest is so intense that spectators race with disease to be in at the death.

At the appointed hour all the colored people for a radius of miles assembled at old Nancy's cabin to assist in performing the last offices. Here they met and mingled with those who had watched beside the corpse through the night, and the men who had been engaged in preparing the grave.

They lounged about in the little yard and the outer room of the cabin, the women exchanging mortuary experiences and family gossip, while the men discussed the affairs of the neighborhood. Among the men were several who were employed about the mine, and it was mentioned that Mr. Redwood was in New York on business, which had rendered it a much easier matter to get leave to attend the burial. According to the general verdict, Mr. Redwood was "a mighty head-strong boss, an' boun' to git er dollar's wuth of work fur er dollar pay," while his more easy-going Southern vice-regent could quite comfortably content himself with eighty cents' worth of service in the hundred of remuneration, by filling in the vacuum with profane language. Mr. Redwood would return the following week, they said.

It was hinted, furthermore, that unless the yield of ore for the coming three months should exceed that of the past half-year, things might be expected to run to brooms-edge at the mine. A man from the North had been down to inspect operations a few days before Mr. Redwood's departure, and had, according to the negroes, gone away again "lookin' mighty lonesome an' down-sot." If the present superintendent should even succeed in "making buckle and tongue meet" it would be more than had been accomplished by any of his predecessors.

The Kennedys had announced their intention of following the remains of their old nurse to the grave, and their arrival was respectfully awaited. They came in force, Colonel Kennedy and his daughters from Broadoaks, and Mr. Edward Kennedy with his two sons, his daughter Susie and May Seldon, who was visiting at Stag Island, the name of Uncle Ned's plantation. The advent of the white people was the signal for the procession to form; the plain, dark coffin, garlanded with wreaths of fresh flowers brought by the young ladies, borne by six stalwart colored men.

The afternoon was overcast with clouds banked along the horizon, and an atmosphere so devitalized that it foreboded storm. The woods were motionless, every leaf and twig as quiescent as though deprived of life, and the sound of the singing, as the procession passed to the old burying-ground, rose through the still branches in wild, plaintive strains, whose melody returned upon the brain with hopeless sadness. At the graveyard the riders dismounted, and the procession broke and crowded into the inclosure without much regard for order; the white people standing aside so that those bound to the deceased by ties of blood might approach most nearly to the grave.

The coffin was lowered into the wooden box prepared for it, amid deep silence, and then an old gray-headed negro knelt and offered up a prayer. His face was seamed and wrinkled, like wind-dried fruit, and his gnarled hands rested on the crook of his smooth hickory stick as dead bark rests against new growth; his voice, thin and reedy, growing more penetrating as he proceeded, rose and fell in a sort of singing recitative which played on the nerves of the listeners until they thrilled and vibrated, responsive as harp strings. As the climax approached the emotional excitement increased, and vented itself in sounds of mourning which accompanied the voice of the speaker as the moaning of waves may accompany the cry of a gull.

After the prayer Colonel Kennedy made the assembly a short address, in which he spoke feelingly of the dead woman, of her faithfulness to his family, of the affection which existed between them, and of his own regret that the link should be severed. Then, in simple words, he spoke to them of his own belief in another life, and his hope of spiritual reunion in a state wherein death and sorrow and suffering should have no part.

He was heard with attention, and then a hymn was sung. During the singing

old Peyton stepped forward and slipped a small clod of earth into Colonel Kennedy's hand, which he held a moment and then cast into the open grave. The negroes, one after another, stooped and lifted handfuls of the gravelly soil which they cast into the grave as they sung, as a token that the ministrations of kindred and friends must here, perhaps, come to an end.

It was a wild scene—filled with sounds and suggestions of whose mournfulness both eye and ear took cognizance. The plaintive music with its undercurrent of stifled sobbing; the open grave with the dusky figures casting in the earth; the thud of the gravel as it struck the coffin-lid combined to force on the consciousness a realization of the significance of the words, "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Rebie, completely unnerved, wept convulsively, with her head on Bernard's shoulder, and Colonel Kennedy, resting still on his crutches, gazed away into the distance with eyes that seemingly took little heed of the leaden sky, the darkling wood, or the sorrowing humanity at hand.

As they turned to leave the place they were joined by Geoffrey Bruce, and Rebie, glancing upward through her tears, met in his eyes a look of tenderness that was like sunlight through rifts in a dark cloud.

CHAPTER XI.

"WILL you come for a ride?" Bruce asked, when the party had remounted.

Rebie glanced up doubtfully at the sky. Her trim cloth habit and jockey-cap had seen good service and were in her estimation past being injured, still the prospect of being caught in a thunder-storm several miles from home was not alluring.

"Don't you think it will rain?" she queried.

"No," responded Bruce, gathering up his reins, "the clouds are too well dis-

tributed. The sky is gray all over. It's going to lower all the afternoon and thicken up and rain after nightfall."

He spoke with assurance and as though his conclusions were the result of minute observation of meteorological laws. Rebie did not believe him to be one whit more weather-wise than she was herself, but the cool dampness of the air was grateful to her flushed cheeks, and the swift movement and need for keeping eye and hand alert would tranquillize her nerves. When the woods-road opened out into the main thoroughfare leading to Broadoaks, she followed the motion of Bruce's bridle-arm and turned her own horse in the opposite direction from that taken by the rest of the party.

At first Bruce made no effort at conversation. The girl's mood was uncertain, her emotions had been stirred by circumstances with which he had nothing to do; her imagination was filled with images and scenes apart from his image, or any scene which his presence would naturally suggest; her inmost thoughts were not, as yet, colored by his influence. Bruce felt this, and was content to ride quietly by her side until their moods should gradually adapt themselves, and the conditions between them become harmonious. He was a patient man; his ten years' struggle with the Nemean lion of debt had trained him in the knowledge which teaches that at certain junctures the policy of inaction is the part of wisdom. Then, too, his naturally keen perceptions were quickened by the dominance of the emotion most potent for the development of sympathy and insight. The state of his feelings toward Rebie Kennedy may be summed up in the Scriptural phrase: "And his heart clave unto the woman, and, behold, he loved her as his own soul." So loving her, he could understand with the subtler part of his nature and protect and care for her with the part which was more masculine.

They had turned aside into a road but

little used, and rode quietly, for the way ascended, and was rocky and a trifle overgrown. On either hand undergrowth, scrub oak, sassafras, and sumac bushes, interspersed with old-field pines, encroached upon the roadway outstretching verdant arms as though to bar a passage. Bruce kept his horse a step in advance, and held them aside for her to pass. In a scrubby little cedar a red-bird had perched himself, the dark-green of the background throwing out the brilliance of his plumage. He turned his crested head about and glanced at them interrogatively, then, finding that they meditated no harm to him nor his, flirted his wings and called to his mate, who popped her head out from under a twig and watched them pass, reaching forward to get a better view, with the frank curiosity of a rustic regarding the world from her cabin-door. Among the bushes cat-birds mocked and called to one another, and away in the fields, beyond the wood, partridges blithely whistled. Across the road a squirrel sped and whisked himself up into a tree with a great affectation of terror.

Rebie's thoughts drifted to another ride she had taken with Bruce some weeks before. They had called at Dr. Seldon's, away up the river, and, returning homeward, had stopped at Stag Island and rested for awhile, and Susie had taken them into the old garden to see some new roses Aunt Mary had recently received from the North. They had sauntered along the old alleys with ramparts of green box on either hand and box trees trimmed into stiff cones at the intersections, and admired the honeysuckles on the arbors and the quaint circles and triangles where, earlier in the season, hyacinths, snow-drops, and lilies-of-the-valley bloomed profusely. Bruce had called their attention to a pee-wee's nest, filled with ungainly, twittering young birds, in the tangle of a rose-bush, and to the humming-birds, flashing like jewels

around the old mimosa tree, whose branches were covered with a wealth of fringe-like blossoms of salmon pink. The air had been redolent of sweet things, the breath of roses and of jessamine, and the odor of box and calacanthus. Susie had filled her hands with flowers, and Ralfe had cut a great bunch of mimosa-blossoms to send Bernard, because the tree did not thrive at Broadoaks and Bernard loved the perfume. Bruce had wanted to carry them all for her, but she would not let him. Her sister's gift must reach her uninjured, so, after they had mounted, she had insisted on having the bouquet in her own hands.

As they were coming through the little stretch of woods near the big gate, they had overtaken Crummie, with a brier-blade on his shoulder and old Boler at his heels. The boy had been poking about among the bushes, and as they neared him a rabbit started up and ran across the road, almost under the horses' noses, with the dog and boy in hot pursuit. Her horse had frightened at the noise and reared and given trouble; she had lost control of him owing to the unexpectedness of the occurrence, and her hands being encumbered with the flowers. How white Bruce had grown, and how swift and strong had been his grasp of her rein! And amid his alarm for her safety, and indignation with the cause of the commotion, how gentle he had been with the horse, how firm and soothing.

Rebie had all a primitive woman's reverence and admiration for courage and physical strength. Her fancy lingered over the incident with contentment. She liked riding beside him, they two alone together, shut into a world apart by the encircling forest; she did not turn her face, nor glance toward him, but she was content that he should be there. The road widened and grew better as it wound along the crest of the hill; the horses could move more briskly. Half unconsciously, the words of a warrior-

song rose to her lips, and she sang them aloud in a soft voice that set itself to the rhythm of the hoof-beats :

"In days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway,
A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,
Sang merrily his lay :
My love is young and fair,
My love hath golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and heart so true
That none with her compare ;
So what care I,
Though death be nigh,
I'll fight for love, or die."

Bruce leaned forward and laid his hand on her horse's neck. He had turned himself a little in the saddle and his face was nearly on a level with her own ; it was pale, as that of one in the grip of strong emotion, his eyes were alight, his nostril quivered, and the hand on the horse's mane trembled.

"How is a man to prove himself?" he questioned in a low voice, his eyes seeking hers. "Then, with lance and sword, by field and flood, he might show the love that was in him—might hope that his 'spurs of gold,' with all they were held to represent, would win him favor in a woman's eyes. But now!—*how* is a man to prove his longing to shake off unworthiness for love's sake? How shall he show her that he, too, would 'fight for love, or die,' if there were occasion? *Words* don't fill the measure—men who love least can talk best about it."

The woman shrank a little, drawing away in the saddle ; her head drooped and she would not look at him, his earnestness thrilled, and at the same time troubled her. The horses, walking slowly, pressed against each other.

When he spoke again the man's voice had taken a tone of tenderness that was like the note of a wood-dove, wooing his mate in early spring.

"The love is the same," he murmured. "It must be. Just that—to hold a woman apart, as in a sure fortress; to guard, and

cherish, and protect her through life. To make love a rampart to keep off trouble. To make love a refuge, warm and strong, and filled with comfort and sunshine. Is it not so, sweetheart? A man may do this still—may be a leal knight to his lady, a true husband to the woman who shall come to him as his wife," he bent nearer, and his voice sank almost to a whisper, intense with emotion, penetrating with strange sweetness. "Will you come to me, love? Will you take the love that is in my heart for you and give me the right to care for you always?"

So he pleaded, pouring out at her feet the treasure of his love, royally, unselfishly, and with a true man's proud humility.

And Rebie, hearkening as one in the unreality of a dream, did not know herself, nor her own heart. Did she love him?—could she love him? She could not tell. For, with the tones of this brave lover's voice, even in the midst of his pleading, imagination would mingle the tones of another voice, which, to her, had told no tale of love ; and beside the impassioned face so near her would appear the face of another man. She was afraid—not understanding herself, and cried out that he must give her time ; that he had bewildered her, and must wait and let her learn the truth from her own heart. She put out her hand to him, trusting him to be good to her, to take care of her even though she should sorely try him. Just a little time, she said—a few weeks—a month! Yes, that would be best. In a month she would know and could give him his answer.

And Bruce forbore to press her, accepting the delay as a knight accepts his initiatory vigil.

CHAPTER XII.

In the differentiation of the *genus homo*, a good many things must be allowed for. Consideration must be given to

antecedent causes of great variety and complexity—climate, locality, and the accumulated inheritance of traits and propensities experience has generated and the survival of the fittest has served to perpetuate in the particular species to which a man may happen to belong. From the standpoint that a present generation may be the inevitable outcome of previous generations, that an individual may be "the sum of his ancestors," it seems reasonable to demand that charity should enlarge its mantle, that judgment should wield something less ponderous than a sledge-hammer, and that justice should be tempered with a finer and more discriminating mercy. If, for example, a man could bring himself to realize that the fact of his neighbor being an ill-conditioned fellow may be due, not as he hastily supposed, to purely individual "cussedness," but is rather the operation of a law of "cussedness" traceable backward until the mind refuses to follow, the existing exponent of the law might meet with more consideration, and, instead of being hated and abused, might come to be regarded with scientific interest. Also, the man who takes away his neighbor's coat, instead of being jailed or beaten, might, in time, receive the cloak besides, since he, doubtless, but obeyed a resistless predatory law of great antiquity.

Could the general intelligence be forced to take cognizance of demonstrable facts a good many sins, now regarded as scarlet, might become, on investigation, only a lively shade of pink.

Stuart Redwood, sitting on an empty powder-can, turned bottom upwards, and staring at the hole in the ground which represented the entrance to the "Lone Jack" mine, was indulging in a most unscientific line of thought in relation to some of his neighbors. His trip to New York had been very disheartening, and he had come South again feeling baffled and mutinous. The syndicate, which he had the honor to represent, a gigantic

financial octopus with legs extending pretty well over the country, had met in council and determined that unless Redwood should show them better reason for supposing that there was money in the "Lone Jack" mine within the next three months than he had yet been able to show at all, operations must be suspended and the stockholders notified that they might thank their lucky stars they would not be required to throw good money after bad.

The syndicate, engaged in extensive mining operations in various localities, had neither money nor inclination to allow Redwood latitude for continued experiments in the, to them, trifling side-issue in Virginia. This they demonstrated in language concise and forcible, influenced thereto, as Redwood believed, by the representations of the stranger who had been sent down to spy out the promise of the land. The big men, as usual, overlooked the fact that in knocking the props from the Virginia venture they would cause the thing to settle down on a few small men who, financially, were incapable of standing from under.

Redwood believed in the mine, and had backed his belief with every dollar he was worth, and the admission of the mine to be a failure and acceptance of the fact that his stock, instead of proving a finger-post to fortune, must be regarded as simple evidence of miscalculation was a thing to which he could in nowise reconcile himself. His dominating nature rose in protest, and his will fretted and strained like a hound in leash. Not even to himself would he allow that his judgment in regard to the venture might be at fault. True, the popular verdict pronounced the mine, for absorption without adequate return, no better than a horse-leech; but then the popular verdict was Southern, and to Redwood without comprehensive business basis.

His anger against the men in New York who refused to give him time and a larger command of money was hot—so hot, in

fact, that had the can on which he sat been full instead of empty the powder must have ignited and, so far as Redwood was concerned, brought the matter to a conclusion. Upon certain representations he had, it is true, been able to secure that additional three months; but what was a pitiful thirteen weeks wherein to combat and overthrow sentiments, prejudices, methods of thought and conduct which many times thirteen *years* had been consumed in building? Redwood felt thwarted and ill-used, and sat very still, with a scowl on his face, allowing his mind, in spite of modern culture, to work along exceedingly unscientific lines.

The man had been reared in a hard school under a false and superficial system. All of his life he had been surrounded by the constant strain after wealth or the appearance of wealth, until money had, insensibly, become to him a prime factor of existence. From the New England village wherein the richest man had been the man most considered through a life of ups and downs wherein the fullest fruition of hopes appeared to attend on the longest purse, the omnipresent need of money had begotten in Redwood the omnipresent greed for money. His realization of the possibilities of life and his requirements were well-nigh without horizon. Contentment with an existing state of things to him was stagnation. He wanted to plan, to work, to achieve; to be something and somebody in his day and generation, and to his thinking the initial step was the acquisition of wealth. Redwood's trend was practical. He intended to accomplish a good many things, should length of days be his, and chief among them he placed the accomplishment of a fortune.

A few years after the close of the war the attention of Northern capitalists began to be called to the existence of iron, manganese, and slate in the James River valley, and from time to time men would be sent down to prospect. The slate was found to be of fine quality and in vast

quantities, and quarries were opened about thirty miles from the Kennedy neighborhood which paid very handsomely. Operations in manganese were not so successful, the ore having, even more than is usual with it, a deceitful habit of lying in pockets and of giving out unexpectedly, after a fine show, in a manner which was felt to be exasperating. In one mine, worked for a time with some prospect of success, the shaft had not gone down fifty feet before that which appeared to be an underground lake was struck, and as no company can stand pumping water to waste where the supply seems inexhaustible the venture had been abandoned.

In connection with it, however, Redwood had been sent to Virginia, and had passed a week in the manganese region and also visited the slate quarries. Certain peculiarities in the conformation of the country had impressed themselves upon his memory, and when, five years later, he had found himself with a couple of months of unemployed time on his hands, he had put into execution an intention long dormant in his mind, and came down to Virginia to look about on his own account.

From the presence of iron, manganese, quartz, slates, and shales in a sort of belt, he began at once to suspect the existence of auriferous gravels. He began to ask questions, and speedily discovered that the presence of gold in that section of the country was a well-known fact. There was an old mine thereabout, the people at the Court-House told him, which had been worked in a spasmodic way before the war, but it did not amount to much—that is, it had never paid. Specimens of gold from it were in most of the museums and in the mint at Philadelphia. The jeweler at Memnon used no other for his work. The poor whites and negroes washed the gravel of a creek that flowed near the old mine and carried the grains and flakes of gold so obtained into Memnon to the shop-

keepers screwed up in rags and bits of brown paper. It had always been done—indeed, it was supposed that knowledge of the whereabouts of the gold had been derived from the Indians. Even the first working of the mine antedated the memory of the oldest individual Redwood could discover about the place.

Accustomed to see brains quicken and faculties grow alert with the mere mention of aught that might bear on the question of finance, Redwood was amazed at the indifference, not to say apathy, with which the presence in their midst of the king of metals appeared to have been regarded for years by these singular Virginians. They discussed the subject in an impersonal way, as one of no special interest to any one save, perhaps, as local tradition. Later, he learned that the neighborhood once, for a year or so after its opening, had had faith in the mine and that the mine had failed to justify it. And not even Virginians with all their traditional carelessness in regard to matters financial can conjure up enthusiasm about that which has caused their pockets to suffer.

To the little town in an adjoining county which rejoiced in the incongruous name of Memnon, Redwood at once proceeded, determined to thrust his acquaintance upon the jeweler and if possible obtain a sight of some specimens of the gold.

He found the jeweler an elderly man, very accessible and loquacious. When he learned that Redwood wished some trinket made of Virginia gold, and would prefer gold from that very section, he opened his show-case and handed out several trays.

"There isn't another man in the State could fill that order, I reckon," he remarked, as Redwood examined the trinkets. "It's good gold, too. Came from the old Lone Jack mine, as they call it, over in the next county."

"Do you get much of it?" Redwood inquired. "The mine has been abandoned for years, hasn't it?"

"Yes, sir. The mine's played out. There are chemical properties in the soil, or water, about there that play the mischief with machinery, precipitate on it and corrode like a canker. During the war the Confederate government had powder-works near there for awhile—the earth yields considerable nitre. No wealthy company has ever had hold of the mine in my time. It's been tinkered at, but never really worked. Since emancipation knocked the bottom out of things in the South there hasn't been much capital in Virginia to risk in mines. A little gold is brought me still, but nothing like so much as formerly. It is panned from surface gravel."

He opened a drawer and took from it a small paper parcel. It contained about a salt-spoonful of gold in tiny flakes, and one little nugget the size of a pea.

"This came from creek gravel. A fellow brought it in last week. The folks around there pan with an old tin bucket, or basin, and have no way of collecting, so the yield is never much."

Redwood examined the little nugget under a pocket lens. It was irregular in shape, but good metal.

"Do you often get grains as good as this?" He turned the specimen in the palm of his hand.

"Not now. In my father's time they came in even larger, but the creek gravel has been pretty well washed over, I reckon, and the niggers haven't energy enough to dig. Nuggets have been found as big as a sparrow's egg, and the rock from the mine used to yield fairly."

Redwood's interest deepened. What had been might be again. With improved machinery, increased scientific knowledge, and modern methods who could say what results might not be achieved? His pulses stirred, and his imagination constructed fair pictures of prosperity and success. He would look into this matter. Perhaps the wheel of fortune had a turn for him in it. He turned over some rings

in a little tray, fitting them one after another to his finger as he talked :

"Has gold been found anywhere else in this vicinity?"

The jeweler laughed.

"The niggers say so. But in a place where, according to them, it wouldn't be safe to look for it again," he replied, significantly. "There's a story among them that the old Kennedy graveyard is full of gold. The niggers say that when the grave of the first old Kennedy was dug flakes of gold turned up with every spade-ful after they struck the gravel as thick as stars on a clear night. The darkies of that day were a superstitious lot—worse even than now, and the tale runs that when the sun shone on the heap of dirt and into the grave they were scared nigh to death—thought it was sparkles of hell-fire. It has been claimed that gold has been seen in digging other graves, but in nothing like such quantity. The garnet ring, did you say? All right, sir. It's a good stone—full-colored, like old port in sunlight. Came from North Carolina; so did those amethysts."

He turned to put up the ring, talking as he did so with the garrulity of the old.

"People used to say that the Kennedys were so proud they couldn't be satisfied to rest in common earth—had to be buried in gold. They were a rich and powerful family in those days; owned a couple of counties among them. A wild lot, some of them, gambled and kept open-house; they half broke themselves that way, and the war finished the job for them. Nice people they were, too; but prejudiced and as obstinate as the devil."

The old man was digressing. Redwood brought him back to the point of interest with another question. The Kennedy characteristics were of no interest to him at that stage of the proceedings.

"Wasn't the matter ever looked into?" he demanded. "Hadn't anybody curiosity enough to have the soil about the old man's grave examined and analyzed?"

"Lord bless you, no!" the jeweler answered, with amusement. "Dr. Kennedy wasn't the first man buried there. The parish church stood in the lot, and for some years other people around used the graveyard as well as the Kennedys. They had their own part portioned off, but the property was considered to belong to the church, although I don't believe either the Kennedys or Bruces, to whom the land first belonged, ever gave a deed to it. As far as I know, it's covered by the old Bruce title now. There was a sort of swap between the proprietors once to straighten out a line. All the folks about had plenty of money, in the old time, in land and niggers without prospecting among corpses for gold. The idea would be infernally unpleasant, you see. And 'specially if the dead to be disturbed happened to have been your own flesh and blood while living. The story has died out of late years. When Colonel Kennedy's wife and sons were buried there wasn't any talk of gold being seen. Nor when his mother's grave was dug, either. The whole thing may be an exaggeration of the darkies."

Redwood's look was interrogatory.

"Niggers are, or used to be, immensely fond of exalting the horn of the family they happened to belong to. Their white people in life or death were the richest, best, and most considered in the country. There was gold found in the graveyard, I reckon, but nothing like what was reported. The niggers' description knocked California clean out of the ring."

There was a little more talk between the men, of a discursive nature, and then Redwood paid for his trinket and took his departure, with his head full of schemes and his blood beginning to heat with the gold fever. Within a week he had made the necessary examinations and returned to the North, intent on pushing forward the project he had in view. And so energetic and untiring did he prove himself that the possibilities of the Lone Jack

mine, given through the spectrum of his hopes, showed colors sufficiently bright to cause a New York syndicate to take hold of it. A company was formed, stock was issued, and work in the mine recommenced.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALL through the autumn and winter Redwood worked, lured onward by promises that seemed ever on the point of fulfillment, yet, somehow, remained there impaled. There were many natural obstructions to success, chemical difficulties and the lack of skilled labor, which made every effort to overcome a disadvantage a work of time and calculation. The ignorance and stupidity of the labor he was forced to employ caused Redwood, at times, to gnash his teeth with impotent fury. He had no gift for understanding and controlling negroes, and his abstract interest in them, founded on theory, cooled under actual contact, and congealed into something very like antipathy. From over-rating them, he swung to the opposite side of the circle, and underrated them immensely. All of which the negroes came to know, as well as though he had told them, and being in nine cases out of ten, more knave than fool, made things far more difficult for him than there was any occasion. Redwood came to suspect at last, although he was powerless to prove, that his colored hands were, indirectly, responsible for many of his disappointments. Had the yield of the mine justified him, he would have discharged them all and imported trained miners; but it fell far short of his hopes, while the expense of getting out the ore was heavier than he had expected. He held doggedly to his faith in the mine in spite of reverses, installed a man of the country, who was familiar with their ways, as manager of the colored force, got a couple of practical miners down to act as superintendents, and worked on, hoping

for better luck, and sending North the best reports he conscientiously could.

He could not help feeling, however, that fortune was giving him a "rough and tumble" of considerable severity, for he seemed to himself to stand for his venture against the world. To a man of different calibre even his intercourse with the gentry around would have brought discouragement. He enjoyed it, as a cultured man must always enjoy the society of his peers, but their lack of business method, their tranquillity under exasperating and quite remediable conditions, and their good humored disbelief in his own ultimate success was as a shirt of Nessus to him. With Redwood, instead of begetting a sense of impotence and futility, the public attitude acted as a counter-irritant and brought to the surface all the persistence, pluck, and acumen which had come to him from his Puritan ancestors.

His mind began to dwell on the idea that there might be gold in other places in the vicinity—better ore, and unvexed by the natural disadvantages which trammeled the Lone Jack mine. He began to prospect about the hills, taking bearings from his own mine and covering a radius of miles. Gradually, as his investigations remained barren of result, his circle diminished, and his steps turned more and more frequently to the old Broad-oaks church. He would lean on the wall surrounding it, or sit on one of the flat weather-stained tombstones, and speculate as to which might be the grave of the British surgeon, and whether, given that as a point of departure, it would not be possible to strike the vein, if there should be a vein, beyond the inclosure. The only trouble would be, he thought, the impossibility of guessing at the trend of the deposit. He might burrow like a mole all around the place and yet miss it after all. He could not even utilize his knowledge of metallurgical laws, for he was ignorant not only of the trend, but of the

nature of the deposit. Report said that the gold had showed itself in auriferous gravel, but the prevalence of quartz hereabout, the general aspect of the country, and the developments in his own mine, five miles away, carried Redwood to incline to the theory of quartz veins. Then, too, the story was one of some antiquity, and had passed through too many mouths and borne the impress of too many imaginations not to have been altered in almost every essential save the main fact. If he could only examine the indications for himself he could, of course, arrive at some conclusions as to how much of the account was legendary.

Haunting the place as he did, he soon became familiar with the fact that Colonel Kennedy likewise, frequently visited the burying-ground, and from the hillside above, a window of the old church, or some other coigne of vantage, would watch the soldierly figure sitting motionless on his horse for moments at a time, gazing, with eyes sad with memories, at the spot of earth which held the material part of his loved ones.

Once, immersed in his own thoughts and calculations, Redwood had failed to notice the sound of the horse's approach, and was only recalled to consciousness of his surroundings by the voice of Colonel Kennedy giving him "good evening."

Redwood glanced up, and came across to the wall to shake hands. It was a mild afternoon in mid-winter, one of the kind that serve as a reminder that the brave old earth is slowly turning the hither cheek to the sun's caress. Even in quiescence Redwood had found his over-coat oppressive and had thrown it back; he noticed that Colonel Kennedy wore none at all, and that his well-brushed coat was becoming shiny at the seams, and his old slouch hat decidedly the worse for wear. His horse was good, however, and Redwood knew that the hospitality of his house was of the ancient order.

After a few unimportant remarks had

passed between the men, Colonel Kennedy expressed some surprise that a healthy, vigorous young fellow with life and hope pulsing in his veins should select so lonely and sad a place for his evening meditations. It was suggestive, he admitted, and quoted Grey and Shakspeare as he tossed the mane from side to side of his horse's neck. He appeared to be in an accessible mood, and Redwood, toward whom the old soldier had always maintained a fine reserve, as one who occupied rather the position of guest than friend, took advantage of it and led him on to talk of the place, and of the people who lay buried in the shadow of the old church.

The grave of the founder of the family in Virginia, he was informed, lay amid the roots of a giant oak which stood to the left of the building, and near the centre of the inclosure. It had been the old man's wish that an English oak should be planted on his grave, and a tree had been imported from the home of his boyhood in Staffordshire. For centuries he hoped that his living monument would show to his descendants in the New World that, while his body might mingle with alien soil, with his spirit dwelt ever a love for the mother land, as sturdy and enduring as was the growth of her vigorous emblem.

As he told the little story Colonel Kennedy pointed out that the graves of the old Tory's immediate descendants lay mostly within the shadow of the oak's spreading branches, so that, even in death, he seemed to be affording them shelter.

Pleased with the young man's attention, and stirred with memories, Colonel Kennedy talked on, telling anecdotes of this and the other of the dead men and women resting near; grave stories some of them, and one or two that were pathetic; but for the most part clever and illustrative of traits of Southern character, and of a mode of thought and life vastly different from that of the present half-century. As he listened, Redwood began to

realize that the speaker even belonged to another phase of development, and that motives powerful with ordinary men might, with him, possess less weight than thistle-down.

What possibility would there be of arousing cupidity in a man whose every word and action unconsciously made clear that, with him, sentiment was, and ever would be, a dominating force? What greed of gain could be awakened in a nature utterly oblivious of the thousand and one indispensable requirements of an artificial civilization? The Colonel would, in all probability, vastly prefer to live out his life in a shabby coat, or no coat at all, rather than to disturb, by a hair's breadth, associations sacred and endeared to him, even though, by so doing, he might secure for himself and his family unlimited purple and fine linen.

Redwood made no allusion to the golden legend, either then or afterward, directly to Colonel Kennedy, but he could not win his own consent to let the matter rest, so one evening, when a good many representatives of the Kennedy clan happened to be gathered together at Broadoaks, he put an analogous case, laying his scene in the West and taking, as it were, the sense of the meeting. He was not surprised that the women should, with one voice, express disapproval, for the creature feminine is largely given to sentiment or the expression of sentiment. In Redwood's estimation their opinion counted for very little, since he had known many women accept without a scruple benefits secured by means little short of unrighteous. But that men, not only sensible but clever, and cultured men with perceptions far above the average, should adopt unanimously the feminine view struck him as remarkable.

"It's a barbarous thing to do," Uncle Ned declared. "No, I beg the savages pardon! It's lower down than barbarism—for that is compatible with decent respect for the dead of one's own people.

To kick a man out of his grave to hunt for gold strikes me as about as low-down a thing as a fellow could do."

Presented in Uncle Ned's light, the picture was certainly unpleasant.

"A fellow who would countenance a thing like that would pawn his father's mummy or gamble away the family burying-ground," Tom observed. "He ought to be tarred and feathered."

"The thing is done often," Redwood defended. "I don't mean that graveyards are opened to prospect for gold, for a case like that is, I admit, unusual. But the dead are often removed from one place to another, and so long as the change is made decently and respectfully that is all that is required. The thing is done frequently near cities."

"For sanitary reasons or from motives of sentiment, I know," acquiesced Uncle Ned. "Then the thing is all right enough. Nobody can say a word against it. But the idea of violating a graveyard for gold—for as contemptible a passion as greed of gain, to me looks uncommonly revolting. God knows what the world can be coming to when the dead can't moulder away in peace because the living must needs sink a shaft in the place they occupy."

There was a great deal more said, all of it in the same vein, which, to the man of the world, sounded fanciful, overstrained, and devoid of practical foundation. He attempted to argue the case along the certainly tenable and defensible lines of the good of the many transcending in importance the repose of the few, but after a few sentences desisted, recognizing the hopelessness of establishing calculating estimation of values in lieu of sentiments and prejudices with a people as emotional as were those inhabiting this primitive spot. When Tom Kennedy, a young fellow, and one, presumably, more at one with his generation than could be the older men, hotly declared that according to his—Redwood's—theory any action, no matter how infamous, might be de-

fended, and that, viewed in the light of the good of the many transcending the pain of the few, that investment in innocent blood eighteen hundred years ago might be established as a meritorious transaction, Redwood let the subject lapse. Of what use was it to talk common sense, or sense of any sort, to people apparently incapacitated by nature for its reception?

The thought of that gold haunted him, worked in him like a spell. In sleep, when imagination, untrammelled by will, made vague, disconnected journeyings into the unknown, he would seem to see with the eyes of some inner consciousness a picture that was ever near and ever the same. It would seem a day long past and a stately calm would brood over the land. The Broadoaks church, unstained by time, unsoftened by ivy, would stand out against a forest background; around it a low wall, as now, but the sweep of turf within the inclosure was raised into hillocks in few places. The old oak was missing, and in its stead would appear an open grave, with negroes in garments of antique cut, throwing out the earth in spadefuls which glittered as they fell on a great heap near at hand where the sunlight seemed to concentrate and almost to solidify into particles of gold.

In despair of accomplishing his design through the present owners of the soil, Redwood turned over in his mind that other allusion made by the Memnon jeweler. The man had spoken of the property on which the church stood having once belonged to the Bruce family and had mentioned some verbal and irregular transfer by which it had passed into Kennedy possession. He looked into the matter and found that, as the man had surmised, no legal steps had ever been taken, and that the corner of land on which the church stood, comprising a tract of some ten or fifteen acres, was in truth still covered by the Bruce title-deeds, as the corresponding fifteen acres exchanged for it was still included in the plat of

Broadoaks. The only legal reason for recognition of the exchange would be found in the fact that two generations had suffered it to pass unchallenged, and whether or not that would be held to constitute a title Redwood was not sufficiently learned in the land-law of the Commonwealth to determine. For himself, were he in the position of representative of old Geoffrey Bruce, he knew that he should make the attempt to have the act of his ancestor invalidated.

The discovery had been made before the return of young Geoffrey Bruce to his old home. Redwood informed himself as fully as possible in regard to the young man's business affairs, and picked up such traditions relative to his habits and disposition as were current. From the long struggle, the hard work and self-denial which had freed the old homestead and the name of Bruce from the onus of debt, he drew conclusions based on knowledge of practical men gained in other places. A man who had passed ten of his most impressible years on the frontier, who had consorted with miners and cowboys, who had turned his hand to almost anything from swinging a pick to surveying for a railway, must have acquired sufficient experience and knowledge of the world to have developed recognition of the value of money. A practical man, who had roughed it among practical men, would undoubtedly regard the removal of dead Kennedys and dead other people from Bruce land from a rational and non-sentimental standpoint. Particularly when there need be no disrespect shown to dead nor living, and much benefit might be obtained. With Bruce, according to Redwood's thinking, it would be simply lifting a foreign embargo from a domestic port.

The return of the wanderer caused Redwood to put aside a half-formed plan of opening the matter by letter and for a week or so he had been content to watch and learn his man. Then had come

Bruce's infatuation for Rebie Kennedy and the rivalry of the two men which put an end to possibility of an intimacy between them sufficiently close to admit of amicable discussion of private personal affairs, so far, at least, as Geoffrey Bruce was concerned.

With Redwood, of course, the dominant idea tinctured even his love affair, and he could have talked business with his rival in the intervals of their mutual endeavor to secure the attention of the young lady with great composure and his usual acumen.

Through the conversation relative to the frequency in the old days of verbal transfer of bits of real estate which had taken place the day the party had spent on Old Sachem mountain, Redwood had learned that the present representatives of both families were fully cognizant of the action of their predecessors. Through an outside party he approached Bruce on the subject of that fifteen acres of exchanged land, setting before him what appeared to be the legal status of the case, and offering in event of his deciding to reclaim the land, as he had a presumptive right to do, to purchase the same for a good figure.

The reply, given in ignorance, of course, of Redwood's identity, was to the effect that the property had been so long in possession of the Kennedys as to have passed utterly beyond Bruce's calculation. That, as his grandfather had been satisfied with the exchange, and his father had, at least, tacitly indorsed it, he, Geoffrey Bruce, had no intention of making any move in the matter. As, however, the affair had legal aspects which, heretofore, had been ignored, and might in the future give

trouble and perhaps cause litigation, he would, now that his attention had been called to it, at once take steps to have the transfer put into proper shape. The thing would be of interest and moment to the Kennedys, for on that little tract of land was situated their family burying-ground.

When the above communication reached him, Redwood laid it down on his table, leaned back in his chair and deliberately applied to the region lying south of Mason and Dixon's line, and to the people who dwell therein, language which for bitterness and force would have done credit to an ancient Israelite. This omnipresent sentiment, cropping up as it did at all points, was likely to prove a terrible rock of stumbling to him.

Even after many days and much mental disturbance, he could see no rationality, no progress, no *anything* save egregious folly in the Southern position. He was balked, but not beaten. It was probable that Bruce knew nothing of the supposed presence of gold in the spot to which he was so ready to relinquish all claim, or at most he could only know it as a legend of his boyhood. Could that fact be fully established a change might be wrought in his feelings in regard to the matter. Redwood had known the sight of gold affect men curiously and bring about modifications in thought and action with a celerity that was marvelous.

As he sat on the empty powder-can, after his interview with the New York syndicate, and indulged in unflattering reflections about his neighbors, he decided that he must have one more round with fortune before he could win his own consent to finally throw up the sponge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE only way in which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer

than you are. It is not what a man gets, but what he saves that constitutes his wealth.

OLD MOUNT ZION SETTLEMENT.

SOME years ago we spent some restful seasons in this peaceful farming country, peopled mainly with sons and daughters who had inherited land broken in 1800 and later on.

The "Zionites" were a reading people, and knew of "what was going on" in the busy world, but they clung to the quaint modes of living and customs of long ago largely, and were sure that in no favored clime could there be a more desirable spot than their own peaceful home.

Within a stone's throw of our retreat old "Mount Zion," a small log building, built in 1807, for two purposes, and serving as "meetin'" and "school-house," nestled among green, grassy graves, towering oaks, and cedars.

Near by a new school-house, also a church, reared their white walls, but service was frequently held inside the weather-stained old log church.

When we wondered at this, old grand-sire Hark, one evening, as we sat out under the pines watching the moonbeams play over the gleaming marble headstones in the city of the dead, told us that—

"Old Mount Zion was so fraught with endearing associations, that they could not supplant it for the new.

"We've been urged ag'in an' ag'in to tear down the old eye-sore, an' thar was them who wanted to build the new meetin'-house in its place, but we older folks—why, we worshiped thar when the Injuns were thick, an' we kerried our guns with us, an' when I set in my old place I kin see 'em all, my leetle Orvilly that died forty years ago, an' neighbors I've loved. Thar's be'n some cur'ous folks 'at lived an' died in these parts. Thar's a mighty difference in famblies.

"Sometimes folks start out with seemingly every prospect o' success an' happiness; bime-by up turns somethin' which spiles everything.

"D'y'e see them nine headstones all in a row? All grown folks, too.

"That's the Camp family; only one left, an' the nine died inside o' ten years.

"Mis' Camp was the third to go, jest completely tired out workin' for her husban' an' eight sons. What ondone 'em? Hard cider, home-made wines, an' finally gin, brandy, an' cheap whisky.

"Mis' Camp, was a master hand at workin', savin', an' makin' hum-made drinks. Her boys, Jim, Jason, Jared, Ike, Dick, Ham, and Bob, were all a leetle wild, an' the Colonel was proud of the gr'et stores of apple-jack, blackb'r'y, grape, gooseb'r'y, currant, an' elderb'r'y wine, with the pound-cake Mis' Camp allus kept on hand, to treat visitors to.

"Ham was his mother's pet, an' the puniest one of all, the rest, bein' big strappin' fellers, an' a bit lazy.

"Mis' Camp lived ter see Bob brought home dead one Sunday night—he'd be'n takin' a Sunday hunt, an' his gun had bursted, an' then Jim got into a melee with some village toughs, an' one o' 'em crushed in his head with a weight, an' that killed his mother, who lived only two weeks after his funeral.

"The Colonel had allus made it his boast he could git along without the church, though he worked hard to up-build everything else, an' was a forra'd man, an' well-to-do.

"Soon after Mis' Camp's death, the Colonel brought, from York State, a young wife, purty, an' high-steppin', who changed things around terribly, makin' the Colonel's money fly, an' draggin' him

around to every gay doin's near. Jared an' Jason was taken one day with a fever, an' nobody paid much heed to them, as they was in the habit o' takin' too much liquor, an' sleepin' off the sprees, besides, the Colonel was having trouble by the wholesale, as his wife had jest about dashed through his money, an' was wantin' more to furnish their fine new house, which wasn't paid for. Jason died five days first, an' after that Jared had the best of care, but 'twas too late.

"The Colonel grew terribly ha'sh with his wife an' the other boys. One night Dick slipped away, an' in less 'n six months fell in with bad men, an' lost his life in a drinkin' spree.

"Then the Colonel's wife ran away one dark night, takin' nearly every valuable on the place with her, which completely broke him down, as he was proud of his han'sum wife. Ike an' John was no comfort to anybody, as they'd come ter be reg'lar desperadoes, but Hammy, who was about ten, would pet and fondle the old man, an' was about all the hope he had.

"It was a sad sight to pass by the big, han'sum house an' think of the strong young sons who had brought shame to their proud father, who was bent and broken in his old days, with none to love him but leetle yellow-haired Hammy. No, the Colonel didn't live long after his wife left him, an' one day we went over to the big house an' brought him, dressed in his uniform (he was a brave soldier in the war of 1812), an' laid him beside his wife Arethusy, at the head of the Camp row. John an' Ike lie in it now. Mis' Camp the second heard of the funeral, an' came on ter try ter git some of the property, but 'twas all mortgaged, an' nothin' left for Hammy's keepan' schoolin'. Who owns the old homestead now? Hammy does. Puny an' pindlin', as he was, he worked an' prospered, makin' a fine lawyer, an' bought back the farm, an' raised these stuns. His wife is a sweet, good

woman, a gre't help an' comfort to the pore lad that's suffered as he has.

"Then thar's a number of the Park fambly that ran quickly thar troubled race, an' rest under them big cedars—proud, high-steppin', an' stubborn, with a curious turn in thar natur'; thar lives wa'n't happy ones.

"Three brothers, with thar wives, came into the settlement in 1811, an' all three had big famblies, an' slaved airy an' late ter git rich. At one time it looked as if the Parks would soon own all the land in these parts. Many's the bitter cold winter mornin' I've heard, at two o'clock in the mornin', Kneel Park's wagon rattlin' over the frozen ground, an' his half-dozen boys singin' an' laughin' on thar way to one o' thar farms ter feed the critters an' chop wood. Winter's storms never stopped them.

"Aunt Desire Park had the slickest cows, biggest pile o' yarn-socks, blankets, an' rag-carpets a-goin'. At the county fairs her cows, chickens, preserves, an' bread allus took the blue ribbon.

"An' they had the first carriage in these parts. Some o' our wimmen folks got so they raly hated ter come ter meetin' in our creakin' wagons, an' wearin' thar homespuns an' drawed sun-bonnets, knowin' in the Park wimmen would roll up to the gate in that fine carriage, wearin' fine bonnets an' silk dresses.

"Pore creeturs! Before thar time came ter lie under them cedars they learned that riches often take wings an' fly away.

"Did the love of liquor work thar ruin, too? Oh! no. I can't raly tell what was the trouble, or jest when they began to go down.

"It was thar natur' ter feel that they could steer things jest right 'thout takin' time ter think an' pray, an' they came ter git so grasin' for money an' propupty that all else was forgot. One o' 'em died in the insane asylum, another was struck by lightning while ridin' a fine black horse; the boys went wrong. I allus

thought 'twas because the old folks had no time ter train 'em into anythin' but work, work.

"Many's the time I've tho't when Kneel Park 'ud drive by in his madder-red wa'mus, with his half-dozen big boys talkin' loud an' fast 'bout his fat steers an' hogs that he'd better take time ter tell 'em of somethin' more elevatin'.

"Aunt Desire was jest as bad. She was allus tellin' the girls that no able-bodied women ort ter work slow, but go on the run. One day she kicked at the cat as it came up the steps before the kitchen door, an' broke her ankle. That forced her to rest, which fretted her terribly.

"None of the Park boys married capable wives, as the Mount Zion girls were afraid they'd have to work too hard if they pleased Aunt Desire. One of 'em, a sassy, han'sum black-eyed girl, told about that one of the Park boys had come a-courtin' her, an' all he could talk of was 'Mammy's heifers, an' dad's fat cattle.' An' 'twas about so, as the Park men an' women brought up thar young folks ter think 'twas only slack an' shiftless folks that wasted time readin' an' studyin'.

"Lige Park in his old age got 'looney' an' hard ter deal with.

"Aunt M'rinthys, his wife, was a bouncin' big woman, weighed about two hundred pounds, an' thar two daughters, Serinity an' Orilly, were as hefty as she. Bein' industrious they raised oncommon good crops, but somehow they had an oncommon sight o' quarrelin' goin' on in the fambly.

"One night, about thirty years ago, while my son was justice of the peace, we heard a heavy trompin' up the gravel-path, an' then Uncle Lige called for Richard.

"I got up an' went to the door an' saw Uncle Lige standin' thar, draggin' after him Aunt M'rinthys, sayin' loud an' fast:

"'We've come, square, ter git onmarried. We want you ter onmarry us.'

"Uncle Lige had on one of Aunt M'rinthys' skirts an' his own long red flannel coat, while his eyes fairly blazed. He had one of his crazy spells.

"Says Richard:

"'I can't onmarry people.'

"Says Uncle Lige:

"'You can marry 'em tight an' fast.'

"Richard owned that he could' an' then Uncle Lige jest had his say.

"'I'll publish you for a fraud. I don't see the difference between marryin' an onmarryin'. Here's my girls an' wife pulls one end o' the rope when I pull t'other, instead o' j'inin' with me, as an' obedient wife an' da'ter ort ter. Haint I the head o' the house?'

"'No, you haint, when I'm around,' chimed Aunt M'rinthys.

"'Hear that, square. An' she's got them two big gals ter help pull with her. Does that look fair, an' me a lean, leetle man?'

"By soothin' him we got him calmed down an' started home, knowin' that he'd have ter be let alone until he'd got over his spell.

"The pore souls are all at rest now. It allus seemed ter me that them Parks made a sad mistake when they starved thar minds an' worked beyond endurance thar bodies.

"That group under the grand old oaks are the Dexters, of blessed memory. Great-great-grandsire Dextér was a wonderful man an' raised a big fambly of honored men an' wimmen. He preached on the Sabbaths, an' made friends with the Inguns, treatin' 'em as if they were human bein's. He taught the first school in old Mount Zion. He was jest as industrious as the Parks, only he took time to read an' study, that he might teach the young folks.

"He had three han'sum girls. I thought Filey Ann, the youngest one, very at-

tractive, but we had an adventure which didn't add much ter my credit. S'pose I'll hev ter tell the joke, if 'tis on myself, an' I'm ashamed of it now.

"Filey Ann an' me were both sixteen the fall of 1831, an' were invited one November day over ter Uncle Lige Park's ter a log-rollin', apple-butter-stirrin', an' quiltin'.

"I got the consent o' Filey Ann to escort her back, as we expected ter stay after night singin' an' frolicin', an' we'd have three miles ter walk. Part of the road lay through the woods, an' the moon would be down. I'd never played the gallant before, but I was a tall, gre't feller, and tho't 'twas time fer me ter be comp'nyin' the girls home from merry-makin's an' meetin's.

"Mother helped me fix up, cut my hair for me, an' oiled it with bear's grease, scented with bergamot. I talleder my shoes extra keerful an' wore my best suit o' blue jean.

"Mother said she was afraid I'd git skeered in the dark woods when we passed Elviry Whiteside's cabin, that folks tho't was haunted sence she died in it alone an' uncared for. Late travelers who passed by it told queer stories about groanin's an' strange lights in it.

"I was afraid o' sech things, but I'd made up my mind ter git the better o' sech tales, as I didn't raly believe in 'em.

"Filey Ann was at the butter-stirrin', fresh an' neat-lookin', in a new blue an' red checked homespun wool gown chipper as a bird.

"Aunt Orilly prepared a magnificent dinner for us, an' the supper was not behind it. Uncle Lige was in a fine humor, an' we worked with a will.

"We had a grand romp an' sing, an' jest at startin' time somebody began ter tell of a new ha'ant that had been seen at Elviry Whiteside's cabin, an' a catamount that was lurkin' around.

"I could feel plainly every vestige of my courage oozin' away, but there wasn't

any back down in Filey Ann, an' I had to start out when she took my arm, an' said 'good-night, everybody.'

"She was jest runnin' over with fun an' nonsense, an' talked so fast that she hadn't time to notice my tremblin' an' I was thankful fer it, as every step we were taking brought us nearer that dreadful cabin, an' there was no one else goin' our road.

"Every little noise terrified me, as I felt so sure the painter was after us. Finally, we reached the cabin, an' Filey Ann said, low an' cautious:

"'I hear somethin' creepin' or patterin' in the leaves. I do wonder if there really is a painter.' Jest then right in our ears thar sounded a horrible scream an' growl.

"I was afraid ter go inside the cabin, an' afraid to linger outside, so shakin' Filey Ann's hand from my arm I ran for dear life home, not darin' ter stop until mother let me in, an' asked about Filey Ann.

"Mother shamed me, an' father was angry with me, threatened ter cane me for doin' sech a cowardly thing, while I despised myself, but I couldn't undo the mischief.

"Father dressed, took a lantern an' went to meet Filey Ann, who had come on alone, carryin' in her arms Elviry's big gray cat that had been 'most starved to death sence bein' left ter forage for himself.

"Mother coaxed Filey Ann ter stay all night with us, an' adopted the cat, which father said was the painter the folks had been seein'.

"I'd almost as soon have faced a loaded cannon as ter sit down to the breakfast-table with Filey Ann, an' it didn't make me feel easier ter see the laugh in her eyes.

"'Pip,' the big cat, was already at home, an' I feel like hangin' him. I never could abide him afterward.

"Filey Ann held out her hand to me, an' said:

"'We'll pass it over, Timothy.'

"You've sp'iled your chance o' standin' well with the Dexters. Raly, Tim, I'd give one o' my hosses if you hadn't cut up that caper," said father, an' then mother said, "don't pester him. He'll never act the coward ag'in."

"Filey Ann Dexter, when eighteen, was laid ter rest under that big oak. The Dexter boys lived ter grow up into honest, busy men, an' one day their father called in the entire family, brought out a peck measure filled with silver dollars, divided 'em into equal piles an' gave each girl an' boy one of the heaps, then settled up his business affairs, an' waited for his summons, which wasn't long in comin'.

"The Dexters of to-day are pretty much like thar ancestors—while they are industrious, spendin' mouty few idle minutes, they're not heapin' up riches ter build up

the Dexters. But they're plain folks, with all thar prosperity.

"Nobody ever talks of the Dexter carriage or horses, but thars them that can testify that they never went ter one o' 'em discouraged an' sick, without bein' helped in some way.

"Old Mount Zion may not be a progressive neighborhood, but it's a peaceful haven of rest, or so them that's worn out with wrestlin' with the world, tryin' ter win wealth an' fame, seem ter think.

"Our girls enjoy thar quiltin's, spellin' an' apple-parin' bees, jest as thar grandmothers did in the old days. I've only ter shut my eyes durin' the occasional services in the old log meetin'-house, an' hear ag'in the sweet voices of Filey Ann Dexter an' others who once made old 'Coronation' ring out when they were with us."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

CONSCIENCE IN WORK. The greatest need of the day is more conscience in work. The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community. It would settle many vexed questions and solve many knotty problems. Instead of this, the common course is to consider closely the comparative benefit that is likely to accrue to us in return. There are all degrees of this calculation, from the strictly just to the grossly selfish. One man tries to estimate the true worth of his labor and performs it accordingly, another gives as little work and secures as large returns as possible; and between these there is every shade. But in all such reckonings there is one important element left out. No one can count up the value of the labor which is both generous and conscientious; even its money-value can never be calculated.

MORAL DELINQUENCIES. In the treatment of moral delinquencies, whether those of self or of others, it is the cause of the evil that we need to discover and upon which our chief attack should be made. In self-culture this is clearly essential. Of course to every one who is not hardened in evil-doing the consciousness of having done wrong will bring shame and distress. If, however, he trusts to that alone for future reformation, even accompanied by sincere resolves, he has not probed the matter to the bottom, and he may go on sinning and repenting until the feeling of sorrow itself wears out by fruitless repetition. But, if he sets himself earnestly to find out the secret-springs of his actions and to apply the caustic remedy there, he has begun an effective work that will bring a rich reward.

NO MAN or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being the better for it.

A PAIR OF DELUSIONS.

NORA DEWEY, who had been patiently waiting for the sound of a foot-fall in the little vestibule communicating with the passage that led to their new lodgings, started up with a gasping breath as a stumbling step halted uncertainly at the door. Seizing the low-burning kerosene lamp which had lighted her vigils, she ran lightly out into the passage and down the stairs, gaining the door just as a heavy weight appeared to stagger against it. Softly slipping the bolt and cautiously opening a slight crevice, she thrust out her pretty face, with a breathless "Sh—sh—sh—!"

"What—what you sh—sh—ing for?" demanded the mild voice of the figure with shoulder inclined to the door-post. "I—I called t' inquire if Charles H. Dewey re—resided here."

"Oh! come in—come in, dear Charlie, do. Don't make a disturbance, please," whispered the distressed little creature, clutching at the arm of the man, whom the glare of the street-lamp across the way revealed standing before her with an idiotic stare on his rather handsome young face.

"Don't 'dear Charlie' me!" he expostulated, with a virtuous show of resistance. "I'm—I'm a married man, and I just stopped to inquire. I've been stop—stopping all 'long the row t' inquire if Charles—hum—" he rubbed his forehead, with an effort to recall the name.

"O Charlie! don't you know your dearest Nora? Please don't make a noise. Come with Nora," begged the small woman in a low, desperate whisper, striving to draw the doubtful inquirer within.

"Nora?" he questioned, with vague recollection. "Ah, yes—yes—my dear little wife," he murmured, with maudlin

sentiment. "But what—what you whispering and hu—sh—sh—ing about? Any—anybody dead?"

"Ah, Charlie! don't you know it's very late, and we don't want to waken any of the other lodgers?" pleaded Nora, having drawn her charge within the door and softly closed it. "Now, just lean on me and step carefully on the stairs. Don't—don't stumble, Charlie, dear."

"Yes—why, yes—but what makes you reel so, my darling. I—I hope you—haven't been drinking, Nora," the man whispered, in a shocked way, as he swayed uncertainly up the stairs.

At the first landing a door was opened and the mistress of the lodgings called out:

"What's going on? what disorderly proceeding is this, I beg to know?"

"Ah, dear Mrs. Glover! just my husband, who has come in with one of the dreadful headaches to which he is subject occasionally—a sort of vertigo—very distressing."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the proprietress with a doubtful accent; "is there not something to be done? Let us send for a physician."

"Ah! no, no. By no means. I know exactly how to care for him, thank you," declared the alarmed wife, warding off the approach to a knowledge she believed herself to be concealing.

"Yes—a very bad headache—extraordinary bad headache," explained the young man, stumbling up another step and nearly upsetting the slight figure of his watchful guide.

At last she had him within cover of their own domestic quarters, where he tumbled supinely into a low chair, while the little woman, with a hysterical sob, sank

upon the floor in utter abandonment to shame and grief.

But the opening of an inner door brought her directly to her feet again to meet with a dignified air the young lady appearing upon the threshold in a wrapper hastily donned.

"Charlie has come in with one of his dreadful headaches again," she said, turning to the collapsed figure in the chair.

"Yes," remarked the stern, pale girl, divided between sympathy and contempt, "I came out to help you get him to bed."

"So kind of you, Alice," murmured the humiliated wife, who would have died rather than have acknowledged, much more have voluntarily confessed the truth of her husband's condition.

With equal pride and a respect for the pride of the sister whose every thought she knew by a sort of subtle sympathy, Alice Graham made no reference to the state of her brother-in-law, who lapsed into partial unconsciousness before they had completed their ministrations and gotten him by main force in bed.

"It is dreadful that there is nothing to do," panted Nora, with averted eyes, while Alice, pressing a wordless kiss upon her forehead, slipped away to her room, leaving the poor wife to the freedom that she craved to wrestle unobserved with an anguish which she could not share.

When Alice appeared again at an early hour on the ensuing morning, she found the watcher lying in a sleep of exhaustion upon the couch beside the object of her absorbing thought and anxiety, who lay tossing and muttering in an uneasy slumber that seemed near the breaking.

Hastily donning her hat and wrap, the girl stole noiselessly out upon the errand which with swift discernment she had perceived would fall to her part in the little farce they were playing.

For weeks Charlie Dewey had been out of employment, and while daily seeking it with increasing recklessness of failure, he had nightly under the day's dis-

couragements stopped for solace at the saloons bordering the homeward way, spending thus the last remnants of money on which the little family had hoped to subsist until the final establishment in business.

Under stress of impending misfortunes they had lately taken cheaper lodgings in a respectable locality, and were now piecing out a hand-to-mouth existence by the sale of little articles in fancy and artistic work for which they obtained a limited market. There was, of course, a cheering expectation that matters would mend very soon, and that not only would Charlie find satisfactory employment, but their own little devices for keeping the wolf from the door would grow more effectual as they found an increasing and appreciative circle of patrons for their work, which they delighted to feel was purchased on its merits and not from motives of charity. Indeed, not even to themselves did they admit that there could be the slightest ground for charitable considerations. Either woman would have stoically suffered starvation rather than have confessed a need not self-supplied, or at least supplied by love.

On the evening preceding this gray, desolate morning, Charlie had been trusted with loving faith with the sole money of the household to purchase the breakfast supplies, he having very reluctantly explained that he really had reached the bottom cent, and had also failed in obtaining the situation on which he had that day quite confidently counted. It had been with the most delicate regard for his manly pride and dignity that the women had pressed upon him their small funds, for which he had unpremeditatedly (and under what stress of temptation they could never know) found quite other use than that which it had been modestly offered to fill. The empty-handed midnight return left no room for question or remark.

A woman must spring wordlessly to the

breach and cover the failure without an appearance of having observed it.

At the shop where some of her own little contributions to art remained unsold, Alice called, first of all, to ask, not without a proud shrinking, for the favor of an advance of money on a quite positive and early chance of sale. She was very promptly refused, as she acknowledged was altogether just, though with a burning flame of color in her face as she bowed her head in acceptance of the unnecessarily curt denial.

She went out of the store nervously twisting upon her finger a rather valuable ring which had been placed there as a pledge of undying love. If the love still existed it gave no sign, but, surely, if it were a love worthy of the name, it would forgive, for love's sake, the act which she contemplated.

Hurrying around to the shop of a pawn-broker, she tremblingly pulled from her finger the ring, at which she did not so much as glance as she held it out for inspection.

With all the power of a strong self-government she was striving to expel from her mind every thought but that of the use to which she must put its material value. It was like giving up the body of the beloved dead; there was but the comfort of a belief in the presence of the Spirit, though it gave no token beyond the yearning sense of need which it seems the law of Heaven cannot fail to fill.

This was the last and most precious of the few treasures already waiting redemption at this place.

"I shall call for it soon. Pray preserve it carefully," she said, as she passed him her name and address, and took the money advanced, not looking at it, but seeing instead the impassioned face that had bent above hers when the little circlet had been slipped upon her finger in the days of youth and hope.

Nor did she give so much as a glance through the close veil that effectually

screened her face at the tall gentleman in traveling ulster buttoned to the throat, who had followed her in and stood waiting at the counter as she turned away.

With rapid steps she walked to the market, and swiftly purchasing the morning supplies hurried home, striving by the way to devise a method for concealing the packages which would inevitably betray to Nora the reason of her early errand out.

So keenly did she feel the sister's humiliation that she shrank from adding thereto this evidence of her knowledge of Charlie's failure to bring home the necessities for which they had given him their joint funds on the preceding evening. There would be no mention on the part of either that there had been such a failure. The slightest recognition in word of the shame they were enduring seemed, in their minds, to give it a reality which they could not abide. They were desperately putting off the day when the evil which, with fierce pride they were striving to cover, would, perhaps, break forth a startling, terrible publicity.

As Alice ran lightly up the stairs and entered the passage leading to their rooms, a man's threatening voice, alternating with the frightened and pleading tones of a woman, broke sharply on her ears. That the sound bore any relation to herself she did not dream. It, of course, must proceed from some of the low-class people who were now their neighbors in the strange new locality to which they had come.

But as she carefully deposited her bundles and opened the door she drew back in alarm at the scene which met her eyes.

Charlie Dewey, with bloodshot eyes and wildly disheveled appearance, was holding his pretty wife brutally by the shoulders and demanding, with a violence of language inconceivable in one bred to the manners of a gentleman, that she should produce from its secret hiding-

place the money which he knew was in their possession.

"It's not much that I ask, but this I must have, I tell you—the price of a drink to take away the infernal wretchedness I am suffering this morning," he urged, with mad longing for oblivion.

"Ah—but Charlie, my dearest Charlie," protested Nora, with heart-breaking pathos, "I have not a penny in the world—not even to buy our breakfast—think of it! Oh! it is pitiful—poor little darling!"

For in the midst of this violence, while the insane man was shaking—yes, actually shaking the adored wife he had promised to love and cherish—the little Min-Min had started up in her crib, and, frightened by the passion of voices to which she was accustomed only in accents of love, was adding her wail of grief and terror to sounds of strife.

Alice Graham stepped into the room with a sudden accession of strength that made her fearless of whatever consequences should ensue. For a moment there was a dead silence, Nora shrinking with the swift humiliating sense of an exposure impossible to excuse; little Min-Min turning toward the new-comer with a vague trust and peace in her sweet tearful eyes; Charlie staring at her like one suddenly roused from a horrible dream.

All at once, with a full shuddering and at the same time despairing realization of the awful condition of affairs, the wretched fellow sprang for the revolver lying on the bracket at the head of the bed and sweeping it with a mad range over the inmates of the room as though tempted to cover each with one of its balls and so end the misery, he brought the muzzle around to his own forehead seeking the trigger with his nerveless fingers.

With lips forming a wordless cry, Nora threw out her hands and fell fainting before him, but Alice, with unquailing gaze, held the madman's eyes as they turned on her in this last fatal act, which any re-

straining movement would have quickened. What nameless power was in the look that held his own the desperate man never could have told, but unconsciously the murderous hand fell at his side and the instrument of death slipped from his relaxed hold and dropped with a dull thud on the floor as he sank in a chair, burying his agonized face despairingly in his clasped arms.

Very quietly Alice stepped forward, picked up the revolver and deftly concealing it, went over to Nora, placing her gently in a position favorable to restoration, not without a sigh of relief that the dear girl could for a little lose the consciousness of her misery. Then, gathering the sobbing little Min-Min to her bosom, she came back and sat down by the crouching figure of her brother-in-law.

"There must be an end to this, Charlie," she said, with the firmness and composure of a goddess of justice. "We have been screening this fatal weakness of yours until it can be no longer done with safety and self-respect. Summon now the latent dignity of manhood, and tell me that from this day forward you will cease to add to our poverty the shame and wretchedness of drink, or I will at once make an exposure of your attempted crime, and deliver you to the officers of the law."

Charlie Dewey, unused to such plain statements of facts and purposes, lifted his miserable face and cast about him for the revolver that had fallen from his hand as though in that lay his only refuge from disgrace.

"What have you done with it, Alice?" he questioned, rising to his feet and taking a desperate step forward. "Good God! there is no manhood left in me to summon. I haven't the strength of a drowned rat. I am given over to the devil. Let me make an end of myself, and be done with it!"

"You cannot, Charlie," said Alice,

solemnly. "It is certain that you will find yourself still to be conquered, for this is the only end you can make of yourself. A strong, steadfast purpose to control your disappointments and show a brave, manly resolution to do the best you can would soon lift us out of this terrible slough of discouragement and bring thirst and comfort to us all. Stop looking for situations so fine, and do any honest work that presents itself. In a useful employment of any sort you would find escape from the temptation which is working the ruin of not yourself alone, but—"

She bent her head toward the prostrate Nora, and pressed more closely the little Min-Min who was regarding her father with wide, frightened eyes.

A gasping breath from the reviving wife brought Charlie to his knees beside her, and with loving contrition he chafed her cold hands, while with a freshly-inspired determination he greeted her awakening sense with appeals for forgiveness and promises of swift and sure amendment.

Leaving husband and wife to the reconciliation which love must bring, Alice, with the little one still in her arms, withdrew to the next room and began the preparation of the morning meal, for which she had provided by the sacrifice of the betrothal ring that she had regarded as in some sense a part of herself. She felt as if she had cut off her hand. As she worked she glanced aside from the vacant finger with a sharp throb of pain running along her arm even to her heart, which was aching heavily.

She had nearly completed her arrangements for the simple breakfast, dressing meantime the little Min-Min, who had watched the culinary operations with absorbing interest and many prattling inquiries.

She had just finished laying the table, neat and tasteful even in its poverty, when she heard a low rap at the door opening into the passage, and went out to answer the summons, thinking only of the

chance of concealing the family woe and tragedy.

A tall figure in traveling ulster stood back in the shadow, his face not clearly visible in the dim light of the hall.

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss Alice Graham?" he questioned, lifting his hat as the girl stood before him.

"That is my name," she said, with a strange tremor of fear.

"Excuse me—" The stranger hesitated, as though in doubt of his method of approach. "Will you allow me to see your left hand?"

"By what right do you ask—a thing like that?" demanded Alice, startled yet dignified, instinctively hiding her hand more closely in the folds of her gown.

"By the right of one who once placed on the hand of the Alice Graham he seeks a ring which would identify her as his friend," was the low, impressive answer.

Alice staggered back with a smothered cry, involuntarily flinging up the hand which showed to the stranger's seeking eyes the absence of the token he had begged to see.

"I—oh! sweet Heaven!—is it—Frank—my Frank, in whom I have believed, without hope, for so long—so long?" she questioned, with a sudden failure of strength in the overwhelming surprise of the appearance of one she had mourned as dead.

The gentleman sprang forward and supported her to a chair, when she sank down, pallid, nerveless, and without the power of speech.

"It is enough. I do not ask the sign of the ring," he said, dropping on his knees beside her. "After so long do you not believe in me, dear? I have been true, Alice, but I could not write the thing that I believed to stand forever and ever between us. I have comforted myself with a silent loving. It was all I could do."

"Frank—it was not for failing faith that I took off the ring," Alice said when,

with strength gathered from love's sustaining arms, she found her voice again. "It—I cannot tell you, but it—it was a necessity."

"No matter," the returned lover said, reassuringly, "I think it was the ring that gave you back to me, after all. I had been searching—searching so long in vain and in despair. I was on my way this morning to the train which would bear me back to the Pacific coast when I caught sight of a figure just in advance of me which in movement was so like one ever present in my mind that I involuntarily stopped short just in front of a pawnbroker's shop into which the veiled lady vanished while I stood in vague expectation of her reappearance, mindless that the westward bound train would not wait my delayed arrival at the station. Finally I stepped into the shop just in time to see her move away from the counter, with one hand clasped in the other as though to suppress a sharp pain. I seemed left with no aim in life but to follow at a respectful distance the familiar form with face that showed no revealing lines through the close veil which effectively screened it. Through the markets to the street and to the house where she disappeared I traced the lady, and then I began to make inquiries which led me at length to this bold presentation of myself at the door, where—"

At this point in the explanation Charlie Dewey appeared on the threshold, led by little Min, who had fled to him some moments before, lisping, "Man—on knees—Aunt Alice," an enigma which was solved when he came upon the tableau before the door.

The stranger rose to his feet and faced the wretched, haggard Charlie with, for the moment, an unrecognizing gaze, yielding his doubt only when Charlie's hands were outreached to himself and each saw in the other the friend of his youth.

"Frank Randall—God bless you!" burst from Charlie's lips. "You are like

an angel appearing out of Heaven." And the weak fellow threw his arms around the strong, upright man and broke into sobs like a child.

Alice sprang up and vanished in the inner room, where Nora, still trembling with nervous excitement, met her with a startled look of inquiry.

"It is Frank," said Alice, with strange quiet, beginning to arrange Nora's disheveled hair.

"Frank! Frank Randall! Gracious Heaven! How can you speak so calmly?" gasped Nora. "You act as if he had been away but a day."

Alice scarcely smiled. There was a solemn joy in her face that found no expression in words.

"You will come out to breakfast presently," she said, with some finishing touches to her sister's toilet. "Charlie is quite unstrung, and needs refreshment without delay. And I will lay a plate for—for Frank," she added, with mounting color in her white but luminous face.

"Breakfast!" ejaculated Nora, in hospitable alarm. "Alice, do you remember there isn't a mouthful of food in the house?"

"It is all right, Nora, darling," said Alice, reassuringly, gliding out to add a few extra touches to the table in honor of the unexpected guest, whose presence she was striving to realize by this brief withdrawal.

Frank Randall was one of those men who impress the beholder with a sense of his wide experience, his clear understanding and sympathy, and his limitless power to help a brother in distress, and in the brief interval while Charlie had stood face to face with him he had seemed to speechlessly confide all the perplexities and errors of his life, and to receive a strange, sweet impulse of strength that lifted him consciously above them. Eager, and forgetful of the poverty that made Nora blush, he dragged the restored friend into her room, and when Alice

summoned them to the morning meal she found their faces beaming with a joy that had transfigured her own in the silence to which she had made swift escape.

Calmed by the repose of the leading actors in the scene, there was an orderly gathering around the breakfast table, but only a dainty partaking of the repast, which seemed to Nora most miraculously provided for an occasion equally out of the natural order of events.

"But why did you give no sign of yourself, Frank?" at length urged Charlie, while Alice sat in silent content that the lover and friend had simply come.

"I will tell you briefly here and now. The story belongs to you all," Frank said, finding the hand of Alice beneath the table cover. "Until three months ago I believed myself guilty of a crime which in itself constituted an everlasting barrier between myself and love, and it seemed better that all my friends should think me dead than to suffer in the knowledge of a life which was legally forfeited. For I could, henceforth, think of myself only as a murderer, feeling upon my brow the brand of Cain, and knowing that I must voluntarily go out of the presence of the love which had been my Star in the East. Again and again I resolved to confess my deed and give myself up to justice, in the popular acceptation of that word, but it appeared to me that I could better atone for my fault by a total sacrifice of every personal desire, and an entire devotion of every faculty of my being to the rescue of other souls from sin. There was no specious or cowardly reasoning about this. Personally, I would have hailed death as a blessed release from an existence grown hateful to me. God knows that in the last five years I have not lived one hour for my own selfish gratification, and, after all, I have the satisfaction of feeling that in this period I have measurably atoned for the wrong that was in my spirit, and which I believed had culminated in my deed.

"For murder was in my heart when I dealt the deadly blow against the man whose brutal outrages fired me with an overpowering passion in which I was conscious only of serving God and His cause of right, by putting the wretch beyond the temptation of human transgression. We were alone upon a desolate coast in the midst of a raging storm which had washed ashore a shipwrecked man, on whose person it was discovered (in our attempt at resuscitation) that an untold sum of money had been secured by a leathern girdle which had not yielded its trust. On the instant this fellow, whom I had called my friend, and whose fair social position was maintained, as I afterward discovered, by nefarious schemes, proposed that we should make a division of the spoils, and leave the unconscious possessor, dead or alive, to the mercy of the sea. Indignant, I threw out a bitter invective, which so enraged the man that with the glare of a beast in his eyes he dashed me aside and sprang upon the insensible and prostrate holder of the coveted treasure, beginning, with violent hands, to tear away the belt, when with a grip of steel I caught and hurled him with all my force against a sharp projecting point of rock in the cliff behind us.

"The blow apparently fractured the skull, and he fell dead at my feet while I staggered back, momentarily overcome by the fatal effect of my blazing wrath. Before I could recover from the shock of my own deed, a great breaker came rolling in from the thundering sea, bearing away both my victim and the body he would have plundered, and for me there was nothing to do but to clamber up the cliff as best I could in the desperate chance of saving my own life. My crime was erased from mortal sight like writing on sand, but it was transferred to my soul in characters of blood that poisoned all my life.

"After that I could not have sought Alice, and it seemed better that she should

think me dead—or false—than to know me guilty of a crime for which I might at any time be arrested; for I seemed to be always living upon the verge of confession or exposure.

“What a horrible nightmare these silent years have been you may realize when I tell you that three months ago the man whom I had killed (as I believed) met me face to face in the streets of San Francisco, uninjured and with an apparent moral and physical improvement that released me from the secret punishment which had for such a wretched time weighed upon my spirit.

“My supposed victim, as it proved, had revived under the shock of the waves that went over him bearing him out to sea, where he clung to bits of wreckage until picked up by an out-sailing vessel which landed him in Honolulu, where he had abided for several years under conditions which he frankly admitted to me had been of high moral advantage, at least. We shook hands in mutual congratulation, and the coil of a serpent seemed then and there to drop from my soul, which leaped heavenward, weighted by one fear only, that I had forfeited my claim to love.

“And then it came over me, thinking of all I had suffered and had made Alice suffer, what a pitiable victim I had been to a delusion which had appeared to me as real as any truth of my life. I was powerfully impressed with a sense of our enslavement to false ideas far less tangible than this which had held me to the rack of torture for five long wretched years.”

Charlie Dewey threw up his head, caught a deep breath and looked about him like a man who begins to see a way out of the labyrinth in which he is caught. Frank Randall’s strong eyes were upon him in a deep, penetrating, sympathetic gaze that was an inspiration to courage.

“More than one of us,” he continued, “live under a bondage to conditions that exist but in a distempered fancy, and as exquisite chances of happiness are there-

by missed as I myself have been losing all these years.”

He lifted the hand of Alice and touched his lips to the ringless finger.

“After all, our day of happiness will be the purer for the storm and darkness that preceded it,” she said, striving to hide the hand which Frank’s caress had made conspicuous.

Nora, who had been sitting silent in a maze of wonder, bent forward with a woman’s keen, swift habit of observation.

“What have you done with Frank’s ring, Alice, darling?” she questioned, quickly. “You have not lost it? I marked the gleam of it on your finger last night when—when—” she stopped, faltering before the painful recollection of the moment in which the gleam of a jewel on her sister’s helping hand had curiously impressed itself upon her mind.

A burning blush rose to the forehead of Alice. She was casting about for some subterfuge that would hide the truth. Neither Nora nor Charlie must know the cost of the morning’s cheerful hospitality.

“It is of no consequence, I am sure,” declared Frank, swiftly covering her confusion. “She will soon grant me, I trust, the blessedness of placing on her hand a ring with deeper meaning than that which, after all, gave her back to me. But that is a secret between Alice and myself,” he made haste to explain. “You must all lay plans to leave with me very soon, will you not? I have wealth, and there are opportunities in the golden land I have made my home that we will share together, Charlie, my boy.”

Charlie, who had sprang to his feet, and had been walking about the room with quick, elastic step, and face shining with a purpose which had not strengthened its lines for many a day, stopped his swift pacing to clap his hand emphatically on Frank’s shoulder.

“You have roused me to a sense of my own delusion, Frank, which has been as

terrible as yours," he said humbly, yet with the triumph of resolution. "Because times were hard I weakly put myself under a bondage that made me temporarily oblivious to my misery while it increased ten-fold the wretchedness of

those whom by every instinct of manhood I was bound to protect. I strongly suspect that but for the brave, faithful spirit of your Alice here I might have been looked for in a criminal's cell or a drunkard's grave ere long."

POET-MINISTER. The Scotch have a prejudice against a "paper-minister"—that is, one who reads his sermons. This aversion compels their preachers to write their sermons, commit them to memory, and then preach them as a school-boy speaks his "piece." The exceptions to this rule are those of gifted orators, who work out, mentally, the plan and thought of a sermon and are able to supply the words while delivering it. Dr. William Robertson, of Irvine, it is said, preached as if engaged in elevated conversation, and as one to whom the truth was at that moment revealed. A friend, after hearing him graphically describe the passage of the Red Sea, asked him how he managed to do it. "I called up the scene before me," he answered. "I saw the procession of the tribes, and I simply told what I saw." "What sort of sermon did William preach?" asked his brother James of an intelligent but unimaginative clergyman who had heard Robertson preach the previous Sunday. "Sermon!" replied the clergyman. "It was not a sermon at all—it was an epic poem!" Robertson's fellow-students expressed the opinion that he would interest a cultured few, but would never be popular. The opinion was incorrect; for the sailors and weavers of Irvine crowded the church to hear the young minister whose sermons were "epic poems." The sort of poetry he gave them may be inferred from an anecdote. A few students, fresh from Church history, were talking in his presence of the old scholastic question, "How many angels can be supported on

the point of a needle?" "Five," said Dr. Robertson; "and I will prove it." He then told them this story. One wild, stormy night, as he was coming home late through a side-street, he saw a light in the window of a room where a poor woman lived whose husband was at sea. Wondering what kept her up so late, he looked in the low window, and saw her sewing by the dim lamp, while five rosy children were sleeping around her. "And there was a needle supporting five angels!" said he, triumphantly.

IT was a very hot summer day. In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned toward the sun. He communicated this discovery to the other guests, who at once proceeded to verify the statement. What could be the cause? An animated discussion ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the strange paradox. At length the scientists agreed that it must be so owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion, or exhalation, or some other law of physics with a long name. The host, however, was not quite convinced, and, calling the gardener, he said to him, "Pray, tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?" The man replied, "Because, sir, I turned it round just now for fear of its cracking with the great heat."

THE POISONED POTION.

"JACK, dear, who is Sir Robert Ballantyne?"

"Ballantyne? Oh! he's a great analyst and writer on chemistry, but better known as the highest authority on the treatment of affections of the brain."

"And what have you been writing to him about?"

"How do you know I have?"

"I happened to look at the letters you left on the table this morning."

"Well?"

"Well, I only asked. I wasn't aware that you knew him."

"Oh! yes, Ballantyne and I are very old friends."

"But I never heard you mention his name before."

"Indeed!"

This dialogue had been conducted with an evident anxiety on the one side, and reserve on the other, by no means characteristic of the speakers.

Jack Rivers had always been frankness itself, and Dolly the most light-hearted and unsuspecting of wives.

Their married life, indeed, had been one of unalloyed happiness, though undertaken against the advice of all their friends and relations.

Dolly's father had been furious at her engagement to a "beggarly banker's clerk," and had refused to attend her wedding, or to give any assistance toward the young people's housekeeping expenses.

Jack's relatives, too, after his neglect of their solemn warnings against marrying a penniless girl, when Miss Argent, with her twenty thousand pounds, might have been had for the asking, had "washed their hands," as they put it, "of the whole concern."

In spite, however, of poverty and isolation, the young wife had never regretted her marriage, nor considered herself other than the happiest of women, till within the last few weeks preceding the above conversation.

The last few weeks!

When and how Dolly's misgivings were first aroused, she scarcely knew, but at the time when she put the question to her husband about his letter to the specialist, they had already assumed a definite form.

She felt convinced that Jack had something on his mind, and she, moreover, suspected the cause of his trouble. It was not only that his habits and manner had gradually changed; that he omitted the customary little attentions to his wife; that he sat at meals drumming with his fingers on the table, and staring or staring vacantly when suddenly addressed; not only that he displayed a strange irritability; that he locked himself up in his study after dinner, or went out late, with the unsatisfactory explanation that he wanted to read at the club. It was not alone that he came to bed at irregular hours, only to toss and tumble through the weary watches. All this was nothing to the revelation made one awful night, when Dolly, listening breathlessly at his side, overheard his muttered words. She knew he was awake, and not dreaming. Why, then, should he talk of murder and poison, and seem to be balancing in his mind the comparative merits of alternative modes of death. What could it mean?

Could the terrible explanation which had previously crossed her mind be true, and were this irritability, this abstraction and this sleeplessness the symptoms of a

weakening mind, of approaching insanity?

Such being the suspicion already entertained, the result of Dolly's discovery that her husband was in correspondence with a brain doctor may be imagined. Evidently, she thought, Jack knew his danger and was asking for assistance, and what was the duty of a wife in the circumstances? Surely to ascertain the nature of the advice given in reply, and to carry it out with all the discretion and devotion possible.

There was no difficulty in the first part of this programme. A letter, obviously from Sir Robert Ballantyne, was delivered during Jack's absence from home, and the nature of its contents could be easily discovered without exciting suspicion. Now, however, that the desired information was within her reach, Dolly hesitated.

"Suppose," she thought, "her suspicions were unfounded, and her husband's letter had no connection with the alteration in his manner! Suppose him, instead, the repository of some guilty secret, or to be himself involved in some criminal enterprise!" Such hesitation, however, was only momentary.

The notion of Jack engaged in any evil project was too preposterous to be entertained, and with a conviction of the correctness of her original suspicions, Dolly opened the letter. It ran thus:

"DEAR JACK: Though delighted to hear from you again, I must admit that I am very sorry for the reason which occasioned your letter, and if I thought my remonstrances would have any effect I should recommend you most strongly to abandon your intentions altogether. I, however, promise to keep your secret and to give you my best advice on the professional point you put.

"I should recommend *arsenic*. As your object is to divert suspicion, and to give the impression of accidental death, you

should employ a drug which is used both in medicines and vermin-killers. Arsenic, moreover, has a special advantage, from the fact that it is often taken for the benefit of the complexion. I should suggest its administration in small doses, at considerable intervals. Too sudden a death might lead to investigation, which would be avoided if the symptoms were those of a gradual and progressive illness. This is important, because if 'your beautiful heiress' becomes acquainted with the suspicious circumstances attending the death of No. 1, she might naturally object to becoming No. 2. But once more, I advise you to give up your project altogether. It is a very heavy risk, especially to one in your position.

"Yours ever,

"ROBERT BALLANTYNE."

The room where Dolly was sitting was light enough. The handwriting of the letter was legible enough; but had it been traced in unknown characters or studied in a dark room, its meaning could not have been less intelligible. What was Jack's secret and what the heavy risk he ran? What this mysterious suggestion regarding the employment of arsenic? And who was the intended victim whose death must be guarded from the attendance of suspicious circumstances? "No. 1! No. 2!" "Your beautiful heiress!" Then suddenly the whole truth stood disclosed in a revelation surpassing in horror the wildest of Dolly's previous apprehensions. She saw it all at last, and realized herself to be the object of the detected conspiracy! No wonder now at the alteration in her husband's manner. No wonder at his restless nights, and his moodiness and irritability.

"Your beautiful heiress!" How dare her husband allow the use of such terms! And about a woman to whose claims to good looks he had always denied.

"Your beautiful heiress, indeed!" Strange that at such a time these words

should rivet the attention of their reader almost to the exclusion of every other consideration ; that at the moment of the discovery of a deliberate plot against her own life, Dolly's mind should dwell less on the awful nature of the contemplated crime than on the motive for its commission !

The idea that Jack should plan her death with the object of marrying her former rival seemed by far the darkest feature in the terrible revelation. For the meaning of the allusion was easily apprehended. "Your beautiful heiress" could have reference only to the girl whose partiality for the attractive Jack Rivers had been notorious.

Kate Argent, indeed, with her handsome face and fortune, had been a seriously disturbing element during Dolly's engagement, and her existence had not been forgotten. And thus in the first transports of pique and jealousy the real horror of the situation was overlooked, and the discovery accepted rather with indignation than alarm. But not for long.

By the time that she had restored the letter to its envelope, and replaced it among her husband's other correspondence, she fully realized the danger of her position. And what should she do ? She had no friends in London whom she could confide in. She had only a few shillings in her possession, and, in any case, she shrank from the idea of presenting herself at her father's house as a runaway wife.

What should she do ? Should she make her discovery public, and throw herself on the protection of the police, or should she conceal her knowledge of her husband's intentions, and await some more favorable opportunity of escape ? Something, at any rate, must be done. But what is this—this strange sensation which seems first to numb her heart, and thence to radiate through every nerve and pulse ? Dolly was awake and perfectly conscious of her surroundings ; she was sitting in

her own room, among her own familiar furniture and ornaments. She could see the sunlight on the wall playing with the shadows of the laburnum leaves. She could hear the tick of the clock, the loud chirping of the sparrows at the windows, and the distant roar of the street traffic. She could smell the faint perfume of the mignonette in the flower-boxes on the sill. But she could neither stir nor speak. No movement resulted from her frenzied efforts to rise, and when, in agony at the discovery, she tried to call for help, no sound followed. Though acutely sensible of the horror of her position, and of her own helplessness and danger, Dolly sat dumb and motionless ; and by degrees the senses of sight and hearing, hitherto clear and accurate, became dim and distorted. The well-known objects surrounding her took strange and fantastic shapes, and the customary sounds assumed new and unnatural meanings. Dolly was no longer in her own room in the little lodging in the Borough. Those blossoms which surrounded her were not the counterfeit flowers of chintz and carpet, nor that monotonous hum the roll of distant wheels. They were real flowers, and they fringed the margin of a bright river that glided by to the cadence of its own soft singing. And along its banks walked Dolly, and Jack was with her ; but how sadly altered ! He moved silently at her side. There was no caressing touch, no look of love in his eyes, no tone of tenderness in his voice ; and at every step he seemed to force her nearer to the river's brink. Then the aspect of the river itself changed, and its ripples seemed to utter sounds of warning and woe. The lights that had flecked its shallows disappeared, and the flowers that had edged its margin drooped and faded. The stream once glittering in its own brightness, and borrowing further beauty from the earth and sky, grew murky and opaque. Strange, shapeless monsters seemed to writhe and wallow beneath its surface ; and still Jack

pressed closer to her side, till the narrow pathway crumbled under her feet, and she fell headlong into the depths of the rushing torrent. Then succeeded an immeasurable period of rapid transit through seething waters, and afterward of silence, of insensibility, of annihilation.

When Dolly returned to consciousness and found herself in her own bed, she at first imagined herself to be waking after an ordinary night's rest. She was, however, soon convinced by a sense of prostration and indefinable fear that something unusual had occurred. This conclusion, moreover, was confirmed by the presence of two strangers, who presented the appearance of a nurse and doctor in attendance on her. Before, however, she had had time to satisfy herself of the truth of her impressions she relapsed into insensibility. On re-opening her eyes after an interval she observed no change in the character of her surroundings. The doctor, indeed, was not visible; but from a conversation which she overheard she had little doubt that it was he who was describing to some interested inquirer in the adjoining room the nature of her own malady. The voices of the speakers were low, the door between the bed-room and the dressing-room was nearly closed, and yet with a morbid acuteness of hearing Dolly caught distinctly the meaning of every whispered word, and recognized the questioner's voice to be her husband's.

"And you forbid me to see her even for a moment?"

"Most positively. Through the whole of the delirium this extraordinary dread of you has been her one dominant idea. If she caught sight of you now, I could not answer for the consequences."

"But I thought you said the crisis was past, and that she would probably wake again in a perfectly rational condition."

"Quite so; and in ordinary circumstances you would naturally be the first person she would be allowed to see; but

I must tell you honestly that these are not ordinary circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. Rightly or wrongly, your wife has the gravest suspicions about you. She believes you to be engaged in some conspiracy against her life."

"But surely you attach no importance to what people say in their delirium?"

"Not generally, but this is a peculiar case. There has been a logical coherence in her ravings throughout her illness which convinces me that her distrust of you was the cause, and not the consequence of her attack of brain fever. Till I am satisfied that her apprehensions are removed, it would be madness to let her see you. As it is, if she happened to overhear your voice, the result might be very serious. You must be contented for the present to leave her with me."

"But you'll find out the meaning of it all, and give me the earliest possible news?"

"Of course I will."

"And talk to her at once?"

"No, not to-night. She is still in a state of great prostration. To-morrow, when she has had some natural sleep and taken some nourishment, it may be different."

The Doctor was justified in his fear of the effect on his patient of the sound of her husband's voice, as was proved by the condition in which he discovered her on re-entering the sick-room. He was mistaken, however, in his belief that the explanation of her agitation would necessarily be deferred. As soon as he had taken his place at the invalid's bedside she introduced the topic herself.

Even during the short period which had preceded Dolly's relapse into unconsciousness, the appearance of her medical attendant had attracted her favorable attention. Beyond the expression of kindness which suggested ready sympathy, she had noticed a look of power and determination which promised assistance as well

as pity. The conversation which she had overheard confirmed her original impression, and while reminding her of the actual nature of her awful secret, pointed out a suitable repository for it.

"Doctor," she said, "do you know Sir Robert Ballantyne?"

"Yes," was the answer, given after a pause.

"I know him, too," continued Dolly, excitedly, "a heartless, wicked man. I can see his face now; a low, dark forehead; cruel, cunning eyes—"

"Oh! no, Ballantyne is not as bad as that."

"I know more than you think. He and Jack want to poison me, that Jack may marry again."

"Pray, compose yourself, madam. You are under some strange delusion."

"It is no delusion; I opened Sir Robert's letter and learned the whole plot."

"My dear Mrs. Rivers! I assure you you must have mistaken his meaning."

"But I remember the very words: '*I should employ arsenic, and I should suggest its administration in small doses.*'"

"My good lady, let me set your mind at rest. Your husband is writing a novel."

"Writing a novel!"

"Yes. He calls it *The Poisoned Potion*. The villain murders his wife, with the object of marrying a woman with money; and your husband required assistance on a medical point. He wanted the name of a poison—"

"But if that is all," interrupted Dolly, "what was the risk Sir Robert warned him against?"

"Perhaps," was the answer, given with a smile, "Ballantyne was thinking of his own early literary efforts. A first work is generally a heavy drain on an author's pocket."

It might have been supposed that these explanations would have sufficiently proved the groundlessness of the invalid's apprehensions, but she was still dissatis-

fied. The story was plausible enough, but how could she be sure of its truth? Might it not be itself a fiction devised for the purpose of allaying her excitement? Moreover, was it probable that Jack would confide the history of his novel and correspondence with Sir Robert Ballantyne to this new acquaintance? Was it likely, when he had never mentioned the subject even to his wife, that he should communicate it to the doctor, who, no doubt, was the local practitioner summoned at the time of her attack of illness?

Convinced by these considerations that she was the victim of a deception, Dolly put a further question:

"But how do you know all about my husband's book and Sir Robert Ballantyne's letter?"

"My dear Mrs. Rivers, I am Sir Robert Ballantyne."

And well for Dolly that it was so, and that the services of such a skilled physician had been available during her illness.

Her condition, indeed, had at first seemed hopeless, but care and skill eventually triumphed, and from the moment when the cause of Dolly's apprehensions was removed, her recovery was rapid and uninterrupted.

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The nature of the first meeting between husband and wife, with its strange mixture of mirth and tears, can be only indicated; Dolly's contrition was met by a hearty acknowledgment of Jack's share in the responsibility for the mystification. Not that he could be fairly blamed for the solicitude on his wife's behalf, which had been alike responsible for his literary enterprise, and for the secrecy observed regarding it.

The notion of *The Poisoned Potion* had, indeed, originated in its author's desire to increase his income, and furnish his wife with the comforts to which she had once been accustomed.

While anxious for her enjoyment of the

benefit of his success, he had determined to spare her the anxieties preceding its accomplishment.

A mutual misunderstanding had ensued. Dolly ascribed to the wrong cause her husband's restlessness and pre-occupation, while he attributed his wife's evident anxiety to the privation to which she was subjected.

The Poisoned Potion, Jack's sensational novel, appeared while the appetite for "mysteries" was at its zenith, and was

admitted to be the success of the year. Dolly's father has now little reason to be ashamed of his son-in-law, no longer the "beggarly clerk," but one of the most prosperous authors of the day. Jack's relations, too, who "washed their hands of the whole concern," when it was represented by the little house in the Borough, act very differently now that it has taken the form of a well-appointed and hospitable establishment in one of the most fashionable streets of Mayfair.

A DVICE. Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regrets or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal. The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and, since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to indulge in the odious habit. A patient listener, however, is not always to be had, and good counsel is thrown away upon those who are absorbed in their own reflections.

OUR NEIGHBOR. Men see one phase of a person perhaps strongly exhibited, and straightway judge him by that. They call him selfish or cruel, or passionate or revengeful, or unjust or bigoted, as he then appears, and suppose they have defined his character when they have seen but one phase of it. Perhaps, if they would wait and watch, they would see him hating these very faults in himself and weeping bitter tears over them. Cer-

tainly they would see other and redeemable qualities. Or they hear him uttering a strong opinion upon same proposed measure, some problem of the day, on some abstract idea, and at once classify him according to their limited notions, often most unjustly. Another day he might, with equal sincerity, show us another phase of his mind which would turn all preconceived notions of him upside-down. As we can never fathom our neighbor, let us not try to judge him on such defective knowledge. Better still, let us not judge him at all, but welcome from him the sincere expression of whatever commands our respect or wins our sympathy, in the full faith that everything true and good must at last come into harmony.

THE days of martyrdom for opinion's sake are over; but even when it was at its height the joy of the belief, the faith and the trust which the truth inspired, rose triumphant over all the pains and sorrows which the cruelty of man could devise. And that joy remains to all who care for truth. To those who search for her and find her, and treasure her when found, she will prove a friend who will never disappoint and a joy which none can take away.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

A PLEASANT DAY.

I WANT to tell all the little children of a visit I enjoyed one day. There were four little children, two boys and two girls. One day they were swinging in two hammocks running a race to see which one would get to town first. I suppose all you little children understand how you can make horses of swings, chairs, sticks, almost anything, when you are anxious to ride to town.

Well, they became so excited they swung higher than they should, as mamma had often told them harm would come of it sometime; but the best of children will forget and disobey occasionally, without any evil intention; so it was with these. They were good children usually, but this time, in their excitement, they forgot mamma's command about not swinging high, and just in the height of their glee, one of the ropes broke; of course, down came both children, and in an instant they found themselves in a heap on the floor. The little boy gave one piercing scream that brought mamma immediately on the scene of action. You may imagine how frightened she was, when she found the little girl, Ermine, white as a sheet, in a death-like swoon.

In the meantime the two children in the other swing were nearly frightened out of their wits. But the eldest boy, Harry, soon (as he expressed it) "pulled himself together again," and started in haste for the doctor. But I only intended to tell you about one particular day, so I will only say further concerning the accident that Ermine's back was injured, though the doctor thought, with careful treatment, she would entirely recover. You may well believe some dismal days and some brave resolutions of never disobeying again followed.

The children exerted themselves to make the days pass as pleasantly as possible for Ermine, and invented some new ways of amusing themselves. So this day, that I am telling you about, in the family sitting-room, a large, bright home-like

room, Ermine was in one corner lying on a most comfortable-looking couch, smiling and happy, though very pale, and showing plainly how much she had suffered.

At first I did not understand what was going on—something I knew to surprise and interest Ermine. And what do you think? They had dramatized "Old Mother Hubbard." Mamma had given them a bright red counterpane, which they hung over the large clotheshorse in one corner of the room; that was their dressing-room. Then a dry-goods box was their cupboard, and a few minutes after I was seated a poor dog came into the room. This was one of the children with a mask on, having a dog's face made by Master Harry, and a sheepskin, minus the wool in many places, tied on very scientifically; of course, hands were turned into feet in this instance. Then almost at the same time, Old Mother Hubbard came limping in, her stick in her hand with a loose flowing Mother Hubbard wrapper on (it looked as if it might have been one of mamma's). She had on a curly white wig, and would have looked the perfect old lady, could she have hidden hersparkling, mischievous eyes. She looked in great surprise at the intruder at first, then started to the cupboard, while two bright little faces peeped out from behind the screen, one playing on a "French harp," an improvised air, the other singing to said air,

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

The old lady went off then as briskly as her lameness would allow, while the children went on playing and singing,

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
When she came back,
The dog seemed dead.

In the meantime she had come back,
and the dog to all appearance was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin,
When she came back,
The dog was a-laughing.

The dog acted his part to perfection, and I certainly think Ermine was better after so much hearty laughter. At mamma's request all care was thrown aside for an hour, and they devoted themselves to having a good time.

She went to the tavern,
For white wine and red ;
When she came back,
The dog stood on his head.

This was almost too amusing, the dog did look so ridiculous! Then

She took a clean dish,
To get him some tripe,
When she came back,
He was smoking a pipe.

Just fancy it, children! Do you wonder that I burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

She went to the barber's,
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

This was such a ridiculous sight that the little musicians burst into a shout of laughter, but got control of themselves in time to commence singing when

She went to the seamstress,
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back,
The dog was spinning.

I wondered that old Mother Hubbard herself did not forget her gravity that time, but she only looked at her wonderful dog in great surprise.

She went to the cobbler's,
To buy him some shoes,
When she came back,
He was reading the news.

The old lady could not prevent a smile breaking over her face this time, and it was with difficulty the little musicians commenced the next verse.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She looked as if she was completely non-plussed as she came in at the door, and as if there was no use being surprised, no matter what happened; then

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow!"

This last piece of acting was perfection. Every one was charmed with such a pleasant and harmless entertainment. Mamma then insisted on Ermine taking a sleep, she must be fatigued after so much laughing. Ermine declared "it had done her good," but she did not demur, and I noticed that in a few minutes she was sleeping sweetly. Mamma then told Harry to bring one of his new books for me to look at, while they went to set the table.

This being Harry's birthday, they were to have quite a feast. Soon I saw Master Harry standing near, offering his arm to lead me out in "style" to a sumptuous lunch. And where do you think the luncheon was spread? Out on the lawn, under one of the grand old trees. A carpet was laid down under the table, the ground being damp from recent rains. The sun was almost unpleasantly warm. I will not try to tell you this time of all the nice things we had to eat. The beautiful birthday cake deserves more than a passing notice, but I will only say it was a large white cake, beautifully frosted, with Harry's initials on it in pale pink, a beautiful bunch of hyacinths and violets in the centre, with a wreath of primroses around the stand.

We stayed out on the lawn until quite late, when the air growing cooler, Ermine was carried back to the house in her invalid's chair. Every one pronounced the day a great success, and when I took my departure I asked myself what had made the day such a particularly happy one, and I concluded it was that every one had occupied themselves in making those happy that the good God had sent about them that day.

THE large proportion of sins committed against the laws of right are done without reflection, and many of them are bitterly repented of too late.

BABYLAND.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

IT was a rainy day, and somehow there seemed to be stormy weather in the nursery as well as out-of-doors.

Mamma was making cookies in the kitchen, when she heard a door slam and her little boy's voice, "You're just as mean and wicked as you can be. I won't play with you any more. You aint fit to live."

Then his sister Alice spoke:

"I'd be 'shamed of myself if I was you, and you're the oldest, too."

"Ned, come down right away," called mamma.

The little boy walked very slowly, and he didn't look like Ned. There was an ugly scowl on his forehead, and his lips were pouting. Mamma took his hand and led him to the back stairs.

"You may sit there," she said. "We don't want boys around when they talk that way."

"Oh! dear, what a dark, lonesome place," he thought, when mamma had returned to the kitchen and he was left alone.

In a few minutes there was a sound of little feet in the hall, and Alice came in.

"Where's Ned?" she asked.

Mamma told her, when she said, coaxingly:

"Mayn't I go and ask him to play with us now?"

"No, he's too naughty," mamma answered.

"But mayn't he come if he'll be good?" pleaded the little one.

Perhaps it is because Alice is the

baby, but certain it is that mamma finds it hard to refuse the child a favor. So, after thinking a moment, the mother nodded.

Alice went to her brother, saying, sweetly:

"Ned, be dood boy and come and play wiv us."

"You're wicked, you are," growled Ned.

Alice left him with a very sober face. She went back to the kitchen.

"He isn't yeddy yet," she whispered to mamma, "but I fink he will be dood pitty soon."

Then there was silence, save the roaring of the fire and the sound of mamma's rolling-pin as she worked.

Ned wondered why she didn't sing as usual. But she, as well as Alice, was troubled about Ned's naughty actions.

It was not long till the door opened again and a voice said:

"Mamma, may I speak to Ned?"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"And, oh! mayn't he have a itty cooky?" was the next request. "Then he'll be dood, sure."

"He ought to be good with such a sweet little sister," said mamma.

Again Alice went up the stairs and, putting her arms around his neck, looked lovingly into her brother's face.

"Be dood boy now, won't you, Ned?" she said.

"I am good," Ned replied, the scowl leaving his forehead as the little cake was put in his hand.

Then Alice, smiling serenely, bore him away to the nursery.

RENA REYNOLDS.

PROFESSOR: "If I were about to combine elements which I knew by personal experiment or from well-authenticated data were not antagonistic, I should not, of course, feel bound to exercise much precaution. But, if I desired to

blend elements which I knew to be not in affinity, or of which I had a doubt, and from the too hasty conjunction of which a most terrible disaster might ensue, then—"

Student: "You would get your assistant to do it."

HOME CIRCLE.

GUESTS EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED IN CITY HOMES.

YOU have gone unexpected, when your father or husband had business in the city where your friend lives, into her house, when you fancied that her greeting was a little constrained and she did not at first seem quite glad to see you.

That feeling oppressed you during your stay, though she did all that lay in her power, as did all the household, to make your stay enjoyable.

You feel that you should have sent her word of your intention before dropping in upon her, but your coming was unexpected to yourself. It was lonesome in the country, and you wanted a little change.

Then wasn't your friend with you during the hot, hard harvest siege? and didn't she tell you that you *must* come as soon as convenient?

Yes, she meant the invitation, and means that you shall have a pleasant visit with her, but you dropped in when it was not quite convenient, and her first thought was:

"How shall I manage?"

You will not forget that you thought when you saw your hostess standing upon the front step of the Hazelwood farmhouse, "if she had only come at another time. Just now we are so *very* busy."

But then city folks have such an easy time. If they are rich, there are several servants. If there is only one "maid of all work," the house is small, and the markets are so handy.

Only yesterday, a little before you came, your hostess said to a friend:

"I am worn out with company. We have a number of friends and relatives living out of town. Some of them are constantly dropping in to attend the opera, concert, art exhibitions, or some opening, and either George or myself are expected to go with them, and often pay their way. George is just starting in his business. We are compelled to practice economy,

but dislike to appear mean and stingy with our friends.

"I was surprised this morning to find how much I've spent in car-fare this last month. We try to pay as we go, but you've no idea what a struggle it is to keep out of debt, though I dress plainly, and we have plain fare. I have exhausted my supply of housekeeping money and I do hope that there'll be nobody drop in for a week at least, which will give me time to rest."

In your own store-room there is an abundance of home-cured hams, bacon, beef, sausage, etc. In the poultry yard ducks, geese, turkeys, and chickens are to be had without thinking of the price.

In the sweet, clean cellar, there are pans of pure Jersey milk, even real cream may be afforded for your table. Jars of sour milk and fresh eggs are in readiness when the cook is ready to "get up" something good.

You have something to show for your hard work last fruit season, as the numerous glasses and pots of clear jelly, preserves, and sweet pickles testify. If you do live in the country, five miles from town, it's no trouble for you to prepare a dainty dinner to set before half-dozen hungry folk. You can't realize that one dollar will buy only a small turkey in the city and every pound of beefsteak counts up.

Your hostess buys the best, not caring to save by eating adulterated or inferior food, and her finances are at a low ebb, though you will not guess that that was why the pucker came into the forehead when you first met her.

You enjoy the change of menu, and think how delightful it must be to not have to worry about "doing fruit," while she is almost hungering for another taste of your delicious, rich, country-made fruit-butter. You have racked your brains, trying to think up something nice to bring her for her birthday remembrance, and grieved that you could afford nothing nice.

Why not have slipped into a basket a jug of that Jersey cream, and a few pots of jam and sweet pickle?

You want to shop, and spend the afternoon seeing the pretty things.

Your hostess dresses, to show you around, not telling you that she can scarcely stand, as she was down-town twice yesterday, spending the morning with a friend from the country, who wanted a new parlor table, then just as they had returned, George had an old aunt who was in a great hurry to go, and wanted company to the depot. Your hostess pays fare "for two," though you protest, as she has not forgotten that your folks, during the busy time, took the team and drove her many delightful drives. She thinks over all past kindness, and means to return it, though a little cramped for means just now.

During your stay you are not neglected, you are delighted and refreshed after attending the theatre, and opera, and listening to a good lecture, and sermon, and think "What pleasant lines have fallen to your hostess."

With regret you leave, not dreaming that very shortly after the good-byes are said, a little woman presses her hands tightly to her head almost crying out with the pain, the tired body has borne nearly all it can endure.

"I was glad to have her here, it wasn't that, but if she had only sent me word she was coming, I could have asked her to wait a week, and could have made her visit more pleasant without making myself sick. I was too worn out to even welcome her. I can see now that my visit to the country in the harvest time was a trial of patience to my friend. I will never so trespass again, and will never feel offended when a hostess says: 'It will not be convenient to have you until another time.'

The visitor owes it to her city entertainer to consult her convenience, and to as much as possible interfere in no way with the even tenor of the household.

The guest will feel more independent if paying her own car fare, as a public conveyance is quite different from the private one.

Happy the guest who will be spoken of as "A delightful person to have in

one's house. So considerate. She always has a royal welcome extended her in our house, from old and young."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

GUESTS EXPECTED AND UNEXPECTED IN COUNTRY HOMES.

THE visitor who intends spending a few days or longer with a friend living in the country, if the particular time is not given as to the time of coming when the invitation is extended by host or hostess, will, if at all thoughtful, try to learn before leaving home something of the ways of the household (if not enlightened) that he or she may time their visit at the period which will insure them a cordial welcome.

The dweller in crowded cities finds the winter season such a busy one, and that there are so many social duties to consume time, that there is no time left over to spend in visiting, and the country-house in the winter is not an attractive place to the socially inclined.

When the great oaks, the pride of their owners in the summer, have been stripped of their glossy green leaves and the bare branches creak dismally when bent by the chill nor'-east wind, the lawn, country road, and flower-garden are snow covered, or "one glare of sleet," the sunny, joyous little woman shivers as she stands at the threshold of the country-home which likely she considered "almost an Eden," a few months before, wraps closer about her the heavy wrap wondering—"how Mary contrives to exist in the country."

In accord with nature, the beauty loving soul longs for green fields when the early summer arrives, and many city visitors plan their country visits for the heated term.

Dear friends are welcome at any time, and under any circumstances, but the guest who is only an acquaintance will confer a favor on his or her hostess by thinking over several items before leaving home.

First, will it be convenient for the hostess to receive and entertain guests at the proposed time of going?

In some localities farm-work begins early. In March the "horses" are kept

busy from early morn until dewy eve, and are not to be spared until the "crops" are all safe.

A beautiful young lady went visiting a dear friend who had married a farmer and gone out West. Allured by letters describing the wonderful beauty of the prairie around them, she sacrificed the lake-side and delightful company, and started gayly Westward to be gone all summer, her last words being :

"I mean to ride out every single day, and become an accomplished horse-woman before returning home."

Her stay lasted just three weeks. Back she came with long face, and doleful account of "her poor friend's isolation."

"It was horrid, and I detest the country. I had only two rides while gone. Mary could never take the time to go anywhere with me, as there are no servants to be had there for love or money. Horace tried to spare us the horses, but I could see for myself that he needed them. Then there wasn't any place to visit, as Mary's neighbors were just as busy as she was. As Mary said—'the men had to be fed, somebody had to cook.' I never want to go visiting in the country again," said our friend, emphatically.

Shortly after we heard from Mary, who told us she "did regret that Celeste visited them in such a busy time, when it was impossible for Horace and herself to take her anywhere. In the seed-time farmers *must* sow if they expect to reap. As we are beginners, we cannot afford to let time pass idly by. Horace felt as keenly as myself, that Celeste could not have enjoyed her visit. In the autumn, after the harvests, we have a breathing-spell, then we take little jaunts, and recruit after our season of hard work. If she had only come then how different all would have been."

N. B.—Celeste having time and money at all times at her command, after a summer with young companions, could have visited her Western friend during the "play spell," enjoyed the company of Horace and Mary, delightful jaunts over a country beautiful in its gay autumn floral dress, and returned home benefited and delighted.

Another young girl went East to visit a college friend, whose father owned many

acres of wheat which was then (July) ripe for the harvest.

The homestead was a stately stone mansion. The parlors beautifully frescoed and furnished, as was the entire house. The farm hands were several hungry men, who were called to their meals by a bell almost as large as a church bell. After a two days' good time spent in visiting together, the last servant left saying "the work was too hard," leaving a large wash to be done, part of the fine white clothing already in the tub.

The good-natured brother left his work to try to get help, coming home after a two days' search without even the promise of "help."

"I'm sorry, daughter," said the mother, a delicate woman, who had turned washerwoman, "but you know just how hard it is to get help to come into the country."

"I wouldn't mind, mother, if Mina wasn't here. When I was with her last winter, she made everything so pleasant for me. They have a small house, every thing is plain, but so nice. Oh! the horrid country. I detest it," said the daughter of the richest man in C—County, as she dished out from a large iron kettle a great platter of string beans for the hired-men's eleven o'clock dinner.

"How much," said another country friend, one December day, as she sat in her bright parlor looking out upon the evergreens snow-laden and ice-tipped, "I'd like to have the W— family come out for a few days. Now that I've leisure we would have a real visit together."

Then the thoughtful visitor will, when going to the country, slip into her trunk a new game, choice book, or periodical, stylish pattern, late music, which will be appreciated by somebody.

She or he will not wear their "dress" suits unless there is to be a festive or state occasion requiring full dress, neither will they wear an old-fashioned suit, thinking "anything is good enough for the country." Country people have an eye appreciating pretty and neat attire, though there are fewer occasions demanding "dress suits" in the country than in the city.

The well-bred guest will not frequently allude to the "quiet" of the country, or "many pleasures in the city," and will

also provide themselves with a supply of clean linen, as sometimes the country housekeeper has a serious time finding a laundress.

Domestics are socially inclined and prefer for the noise and company they find in a city, to the quiet, cleanliness, and abundance in a country home.

We have seen the mistress of a delightful country home seriously embarrassed, when the "guest" had accumulated a number of soiled garments and needed a "change" after the help was "huffy," and not disposed to do the extra wash. Sometimes the only way out of the difficulty seemed to be for the hostess to turn laundress.

Visiting in the country may be made either a pain or pleasure to hostess and guest. If a little thoughtfulness and tact is exercised by the visitor, greetings warm will await her.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

VIRTUES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

AS it is the fate of some women of to-day to have charge of a house, is it not proper that each should understand the duties entailed by her position?

Housekeeping should soften the character, and while attending to the wants of others, we should learn patience, and, above all, charity. "That charity that thinketh no evil." I am not one of those who think that because a woman has a husband who is inclined to be disagreeable, she should constitute herself his meek and humble servant. Yet, we all know that there is work to be done which can only be done by a woman, but there is no necessity to be fretting about it. How many faces that were once lovely, how many amiable dispositions become entirely transformed from constant repinings at what cannot be helped.

Domestic avocations, if properly engaged in, will not injure the doer. Such a life affords opportunities for excellent discipline, and every woman should make it the aim and purpose of her life to attain perfection in her home. A day for mending, a day for washing, another for ironing, for sewing and so on, and at once the work becomes simplified and less of a hardship.

"Oh! dear, to-morrow is washing day. How I hate it!" This is a common saying, and there is nothing very wrong about it, for nobody will assert that washing is an agreeable pastime. Yet it must be done, so it is worse than useless to fret over it. As a consequence, every sensible woman should determine to look on the bright side of the washtub and the soap-suds. Make a few good rules and keep them. Determine not to put the house in disorder and make everybody miserable because the clothes must be washed or the bread baked.

Suppose dinner is to be served at a certain hour, and the husband forgets all about it, and arrives in the best of humor when everything is cold. Don't cry and scold, but make the best of it. As he is in a lively mood cold meat and sauce will not, in the least, cool his ardor, and he will find as much enjoyment in the meat as though it were nice and warm. It is also most probable that the stimulating effects of the homeward journey are all sufficient without any addition from a "woman's tongue." We all know women who are continually finding fault with something or other, and who are never happy unless there is something to scold about. But every such little worry, every harsh word, every disagreeable look makes life harder and but deepens the lines of trouble about the eyes and mouth. There are plenty of real troubles to be met with without allowing household cares to become a source of torment.

A well-ordered home, and a happy one is one of the blessings of earth, and it is a blessing easily obtained.

A well-ordered house does not necessarily imply a place where a man cannot walk without doing damage. Such a daintily arranged home means a place too good for common mortals. Dust and dirt are necessary evils of our existence, and as such, must be endured.

It is, truly, enough to provoke a saint to see a man, in a most indifferent manner in the world, step across a floor that has just been scoured. This is not done out of meanness, it is mere thoughtlessness, so kindly remind him of his failing, and in time you will reap the benefit of gentle admonitions. Harshness will never have the least effect upon him, and if by kindness you cannot make him understand

that the neatness of home is due to hard labor on your part, he is, indeed, "beyond redemption."

GOLDEN LINKS.

O ANXIOUS hearts! who pray and yearn
While toiling day by day!
The higher good you fain would learn,
Is found in duty's way.

In narrow round of woman's work
You answer childish calls,
And gather threads that others shirk,
Engirt by home's four walls.

You murmur not, nor backward shrink
From each unwelcome task;
Surrounded as by golden link,
What more need woman ask?

The golden links of hope and joy
In each house-mother's heart,
True happiness, without alloy,
Must form of life a part.

Though broader fields may stretch from home
A pathway bright and fair,
Where woman's feet may freely roam
Untrammeled by home care.

No grander vict'ries can you win,
Nor nobler mission meet,
Than loving care for kith and kin,
And home life pure and sweet.

— TRIFLES.

TRIFLES are said to make the sum of earthly things, and it is a fact that they do. Great events happen but rarely to most people, and the day is made up of small things all linked together into one complete whole.

Yes—a *complete* whole, which does not merely affect time but eternity. Think of that! The little trifles of every day have a bearing upon the endless life beyond the grave. So it is clear that they are worth thinking about, and worth looking to see if they are good or evil. They must be one or the other, for nothing that forms part of our lives is or can be neutral.

Trifles in the way of words; careless words, angry words, vexed words, snapish or untrue words, how often are they spoken? Ah, you may say, well I know I always speak the truth, and when I am in a very bad temper I do not say much. But, friend, what about those trifles, or what you consider trifles, as the words that carelessly hurt the feelings of another, what of them?

What of the snapish tone in which you so often speak, is that a trifle? Surely not, when the more you do it, the more does the habit of cross speaking become fixed.

Then, too, small untruths, tiny evasions, exaggerations that you excuse yourself because really they do not seem so very bad, really not downright untruths. No, but they are the thin end of the wedge, and that thin edge is better not put in at all for fear of its going further than you at first anticipated.

There are trifles, too, which so much add to the charm of home, to the happiness of daily and family life. Cannot you think for a moment if there are not some of them that you might make up your mind were worth doing, small as they are?

Some one has said that it is well to cultivate the habit of taking pleasure in little things, and practically that habit is an excellent one. Get into the way of being thankful and happy for small things, such as a fine day, sunshine, a small pleasure, and you will find it add much to your own moral well-being.

Trifling acts of kindness lies in our power to do all round. Do not let them be forgotten. A kind word, however small, a kind look, it is no trifle really if it helps a fellow-creature to bear his or her daily burden better, and gives them, if ever so small, a ray of sunshine.

No, do no not let us despise trifles! How much hangs on these trifles only eternity will fully reveal.

A girl one night had made up her mind to commit suicide by throwing herself over one of the London bridges, when just as she was about to commit the act, a passer-by said a friendly "good-night" to her. Only a word, yet it stayed her from the crime, for it woke in her the echoes of a kindly past, and it made her feel that the world was not so unkind and cold

after all, if a stranger had cared enough to bid her "good-night."

They say, "take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," and so we can truly say, "take care of the trifles, and the big things, the great events, will take care of themselves."

SCOLDING.

IT is a fact beyond dispute, that scolding never does any good and usually makes matters worse than they were before. It serves to call forth opposing evils in the one berated, which in turn brings out still more hard words from the first speaker, until what should have been merely a passing cloud develops into a disastrous storm.

Webster says that a scold is "A rude clamorous, foul-mouthed woman." Perhaps we have not realized that it meant quite as much as this, when we allowed ourselves to express what we felt in words neither wise nor elegant.

Is there excuse for tired, overworked mothers who never know the luxury of rest? There are such, and without doubt many of them, who never, for one moment, year and year out, know what it is to feel rested. This may not be owing entirely to the amount of work they have to perform, though that, of course, was

the original cause, but having once lapsed into such a state, it would require a very long holiday to restore the body to its normal condition. Is it any wonder that we often feel irritable, and that the overwrought nerves protest against every incivility?

Perhaps husband and children are not always as considerate of our feelings as they ought to be, and to remind them of neglected duty, we scold. They are reminded, forcibly enough, no doubt, but are they more thoughtful next time? And does this way of correcting increase their love for us? On the contrary, it will in time eradicate every particle of natural affection. Constant fretting renders us very unlovely, and in order to be loved we must be lovable.

As dreadful as this result may be, it is not all that may be expected from such a course long indulged in. The children soon learn to take on the same tone, and scolding and fault-finding soon falls as naturally from their pretty lips, as they did before the innocent prattle childhood. They will, of course, grow up a copy of their scolding mothers, and thus our everyday words become as far-reaching as eternity. We cannot think too much of this matter, or be too seriously impressed with its importance. It is of vital import, not only to our own happiness, but to that of every member of the family.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE. The most thrilling escape recorded during the recent flood in Conemaugh Valley, Pennsylvania, serves to illustrate the awful suddenness of the catastrophe. A freight-train was lying at the signal-tower awaiting orders. A booming roar called attention to the advancing wave, then visible up the valley two miles away. Shouting to the employees on the rear cars, the engineer cut the locomotive loose from the train, pulled the throttle-lever, and dashed away. Looking back, the engineer saw the signal-tower, the cars, houses, trees, and his colleagues in one wild group dashing about in the water, which almost caught his engine before it had acquired the desired momentum. Then the steam about held its own,

until, upon dashing around the curve upon the bridge leading to high ground, the engineer saw that the track was blocked. Leaping from the engine, he ran across the track and ascended the hill, whence he saw the bridge and the locomotive thundering down the stream together.

EVERY man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows, and if he does not do so it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct, wear him in your heart. If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

NEEDLES FROM THE PINES.

ONCE upon a time I got a letter; yes, I've had letters before and since, but this one contained this sentence, "How do you make Graham bread so the crust will not be as hard as a cynic's head?" Now the crust (not the cynic's head) used to bother me, but experiments have taught me the right way to manage it. This is the way I make my bread:

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint warm water, half cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, five and a half cups Graham flour, half cup yeast, or half of a good yeast cake (dissolved in half cup warm water). Mix at night, using enough of the flour to make a good thick batter; cover up, and in the morning it will be light. Then add the rest of the flour, put it in a greased three-pint basin, and let rise again to the top of the tin. Then put in a rather hot oven, and watch closely. As soon as the crust forms, cover with one or two pieces of thick brown paper, let your fire deaden down a little and bake one and one-half hours. Then take out of the tin, place top crust down on a thick cloth (I use an old tablecloth four double) cover lightly and let get cold. The bread is easy to make and eat, and is moist and sweet with a good tender crust. Be sure to bake it long and slowly and then keep in a covered tin or jar. A big lard tin with a cover is nice to keep baked bread in, for it is light and easy to handle and keep clean. Here is another Graham dish that we think extremely good and healthy.

DELICIOUS GRAHAM PUDDING.—Equal parts of molasses and sugar half cup, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda (even full), one cup buttermilk, Graham flour to make a thick batter, one cup raisins, or currants, or dried cherries. Steam one and a half hours, and eat with milk and sugar.

I say milk, for as cream is a scant article in this house, I do not like to tell other people to use it.

A great deal of the work in this world

can be done mechanically, and it is a good thing too; for it leaves the mind free to gather up and store away many a good thing. It is a good plan to often read something good, and then think it over and digest it while doing some tedious or disagreeable task.

The brain needs to be swept quite often with new facts and ideas, to keep it from getting musty and cobwebby. Do not scourge the mind and body any more than is necessary. If you have a task that needs to be done some time, don't try to do it some day when it looks as big as a mountain to you, and everything in you cries out against it. Just let it alone, and try to do something you want to do, and some other day you will feel better and that task will slip through your hands with very little fret and jar.

Boy picnics have been the style in this neighborhood for the last few years. About three years ago the small boys between ten and thirteen formed what they called a pleasure club. They elected officers, nearly every boy was something, made plenty of rules, took anything for a lunch that their mothers could spare, and spent many a Saturday in the woods.

Some of the boys have moved away, the officers have forgotten their rank, the rules have crumbled into dry dust, but the little dinners in the woods, the fun, the tree teeters and the torn clothes, start every year with the coming of the leaves. They can't have but one childhood, and the woods are better for them than the streets; and the boy that has plenty of solid, honest pleasure and home comfort, isn't apt to sneak around the hotels and saloons. And the mother that trains and treats her boys the same as her girls generally has boys that are a blessing, instead of a curse, to the community.

Some boys' hands seem to be liberally provided with warts and dirt. For the warts get a few cents' worth of oil of cinnamon, rub some on each wart every night and morning, and they will get beautifully less and soon disappear. I never knew this to fail, and it is easier to try than some of

the old-fashioned silly charms. Children ought to be taught that dirt is good in its place, but is not to be worn as a mantle.

How many save and lay away, clean, the little bags that table salt comes in? They are just the thing to strain grease, syrup, or any such thing through, in fact, seem to be just the thing for many purposes. Larger bags made of strong cloth, filled with coarse salt and heated through by laying on a plate in the oven, are nice to put around a sick person. They are better than flat-irons or bottles of hot water, because they are movable.

It seems to me sometimes as if the cry that comes oftenest to my lips is this, "Deliver me from my neighbors!" They do not realize that in their desire to be real friendly, that they are often a real nuisance. Now, there is a Mrs. A——, a happy-go-lucky sort of a woman, who likes to sit around, and laugh and talk, better than she likes to do her work. She comes in in the morning about the time I want to sweep, and as I hate to smother people to death with dust, I wait until she goes home, which she does after wasting nearly an hour of my precious time. Perhaps in the afternoon, when I am so tired that I cannot think of anything but rest, she is in again. She has no children, not much ambition, her boat drifts idly with the tide, and she thinks not of the work or plans that she upsets for other people.

And there is Nellie B——, another time-killer. She tells me all about the domestic machinery at home, talks about her love affairs, and asks pointed questions. I cannot talk to her about books or authors, for she does not belong to a reading family, and does not care much for such things. She likes new dresses and pointed slippers, but of the busy, wide-awake world outside of her small vision, she knows and cares very little about it. Another nuisance is Mrs. G——, a poor woman, that lives just around the corner. She does my washing every week at her home, but she often forgets a "piece," and has to bring it home. She generally comes in the afternoon when I want to do some writing, stays until about six o'clock, and talks a perfect stream of small talk that I have heard before. She turns around in her chair, peeps into as many rooms as she can, and scatters my thoughts to the four winds. Thoughts are a great deal like

flies, very active; and if they once escape you it is hard work to get them again.

Where fences and roads are boundary lines, such folks feel themselves neighbors, but I often wish I could fly away from them. I suppose it is true that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world;" but it would be a good thing for the busy workers, if so many time-killers were not dropped in one place.

Fried mush makes a nice supper dish for a cold night when one wants something a little warmer than sauce, bread and butter. But it is not nice unless it is fried crisp and brown. Here is a good way to make it for frying purposes: To every pint of corn-meal, add one rounding tablespoon of flour. Mix and sift flour and meal thoroughly together, cook very stiff, spread a few inches thick on plates, let get cold. Cut in small slices and fry in hot grease. The flour keeps it from crumbling in pieces, and makes it fry brown and crisp. Many people do not like fried mush because what they have eaten has always been put in cold grease and half cooked. Perhaps they would not turn away from a dish of crisp brown mush.

HOPE STUART.

"OUR TRAVELED HOUSEKEEPER."

II.

BY far the proudest achievement connected with my housekeeping as a result of my helpful visit is my white-and-gold room. I feel a thrill of conscious pride and satisfaction every time I enter that pretty room, and reflect how a little labor and ingenuity more than money have made it so dainty and comfortable. John never tires of his praises of my success in this direction, and I am always gratified by the exclamations of surprise and pleasure that escape from the lips of visitors when they enter the room for the first time.

I had never had a guest-room except a small one down-stairs, with one window looking out upon a dreary waste of straggling peach trees and blackberry patch. I always felt, when I showed visitors to this room, as if I were putting them into a prison cell.

A large, pleasant front chamber, with two windows looking out upon the road

to the Centre as far as eye could see, and another following the shaded lane to the meadow and wood-lot, was to be my guest-room as soon as we could afford to furnish it. I had its furnishings all planned—Brussels carpet, an elegant antique oak set with long mirror at the side of the dresser, an oak wardrobe (for there was no closet), table, and chairs to match, lace curtains and bed set, several etchings or crayons in oak or light frames to grace the walls, and various articles of bric-a-brac and fancy-work in way of ornaments.

This had been the one thing I had looked forward to the most in regard to my house, and I felt confident that the time was close at hand when I could have my hopes realized; but, alas! sickness, the expense of my visit, and a poor season had conspired to indefinitely postpone the furnishing of my guest-room.

I did not wish to purchase cheap and inferior furniture just for a "pass" and then be tired of it in a few years. Plan as I would, I could not see how I could satisfactorily furnish the room for less than one hundred dollars, and I was about to give up the scheme with as good a grace as possible, inasmuch as my happy visit had been due cause for the delay when an idea took possession of my mind that I could furnish it myself with very little expense.

Aunt Laura had seen at the home of some of her rich acquaintances a beautiful room furnished with an elegant set of the white imported furniture now so popular among the wealthy classes, and had arranged a pretty room in imitation with a brass bedstead and a white dresser. I did not even have a brass bedstead to start with, but with Aunt Laura's help I planned my room before I returned, purchasing there the materials which I might find it difficult to obtain in the desired shades at our little store at home.

And this is the way I furnished my room:

Our house was an old one which had always been painted in the conventional white, outside and in.

Some of the rooms had received so many coatings of paint as to have that glossy, smooth appearance of white enamel. Two more coatings of white

paint in this room (I did the painting myself) gave that pretty effect.

Then I gilded the beveled edges in the panels of the doors and window-casings.

The room had never been papered, and John brightened the walls with a fresh coating of kalsomine.

The floor was covered with white matting which I bought in the East for ten cents per yard.

Two rugs, one made from an old white fur lap-robe lined with yellow flannel and edged with a pinked strip of the same color, the other, a yard and a half of Brussels carpet with gold shades predominating, and finished with a crocheted border of yellow wool, completed the floor furnishings.

As I have said before, we had always lived with Father Marley's folks, and all of their old furniture was still in the house.

Some pieces were yet in use while others had been banished to the garret. Among these I found an old-fashioned high-backed bedstead. This, after a thorough sand-papering, I painted carefully three times with the white paint, working in a few lines of the gilding in the panels.

An old-fashioned washstand, with arms at the sides and a shelf underneath, was next produced. This was in quite a dilapidated condition, marred and battered, with one arm loose, it having reposed in the garret for a dozen years or more.

The arm was repaired by John—I wish to give him full credit for his part of the work—and a thorough sand-papering and painting followed. The frame of a large old-fashioned, square mirror received the same treatment, and was attached to the stand. This required the assistance of a mechanic more skilled than John. Here, as in the bedstead, I had some gilded lines and a gilded knob to the drawer.

From a quantity of dotted muslin—that kind with large dots—which I had purchased while away, I had, during my visit, cut a strip the right length for a scarf, worked the dots across the ends with embroidery silk in imitation of yellow daisies, and finished the ends with yellow tassels. These were made by working some small steel rings with yellow silk in a button-hole stitch, and then tying silk in the lower side to form the tassel.

This scarf was draped gracefully over the top of the mirror, then a curtain of yellow-and-white China silk was hung between the drawer and the shelf below, and I had a very pretty little dressing-stand.

My attention was next directed toward something for a commode. A corner seemed to be the most convenient place for one, so I had John make a framework connecting two three-cornered shelves, rounded in front, the lower one but a few inches from the floor. In the top shelf I had a hole sawed the right size for the wash-bowl. Then I painted it all with the white paint. On the edge of the upper shelf I tacked a curtain of butcher's linen, etched in odd figures with yellow rope-linen. This made a convenient little commode; and, with a splasher like the curtain, and a toilet-shelf above, the shape of the shelf of the stand, only smaller, made of a rough board, covered with yellow silesia, finished with a crocheted lambrequin, run with yellow satin ribbon, this was not an unattractive corner.

As there was no closet connected with the room, we must have something for a wardrobe. John put together out of rough boards what seemed to be a huge box. This was set on end and put on to casters.

The inside was neatly papered, and two shelves put across the top, below which were hooks for clothing. I gilded the hinges of the door, and the knob and catch. Then I papered the outside in crazy-work style in odds-and-ends of fancy paper, white and gilt predominating. I supplemented the number of pieces I had and that Aunt Laura gave me—remains from paper-hanging—with samples of paper and border which I obtained at the store.

My wardrobe completed, I placed it in the corner farthest from the window. It is large enough to hold considerable clothing, and does not detract from the general pretty appearance of the room.

For the cover of the bed I had a lace spread and shams, a present from Aunt Laura, over yellow silesia. Then I made a canopy over the bed of the dotted muslin over yellow silesia. I had a piece of band steel bent in the shape of a square, with an opening on one side, so I could run the steel into the shirr of the ruffle.

The centre of the square was filled with four three-cornered pieces of silesia covered with the muslin, sewed together umbrella-like, and large enough to make a pretty slant up to the centre. The four corners and centre of this canopy were connected with a gilded hook above by a brass chain. I had a full ruffle of the muslin over the silesia all around the square, and curtains of the muslin on the sides reaching to the floor and looped back with yellow satin ribbons. The whole effect was very pretty, indeed.

As I needed to make some new bedding that season, one comfortable of yellow cheese-cloth tied with white and another of white tied with yellow were especially designed for this room.

For the windows I had plain yellow shades with muslin curtains over.

I think it is always convenient to have something in the way of a couch in a sleeping-room, so I made a little divan out of an old packing box I found in the cellar. A few inches from the top on the inside John put some slats, on which I placed a home-made mattress. The outside I covered with cretonne in yellow and olive shades. I took a strip of the cretonne, tacked it on the inside, then brought it over the outside and tacked it down, after stuffing it full of cotton to make a roll five inches wide. Then I took a wider strip of the cretonne, put the selvedge at the bottom to avoid hemming, and laid it on in deep plaits just below the roll, covering the raw edge with a fold of the cretonne, and tacking it with brass tacks. The mattress was covered with the cretonne, and two large square pillows covered with the same material produced a pretty and comfortable effect when placed at the back, or could be conveniently placed at the head when a reclining posture was desired.

Among the relics in the garret I found some old-fashioned splint-bottomed chairs. These I painted white, with gold lines, and relieved the monotony by different cushions and tides. One had a cushion and the seat with a square, flat cushion on the back made of the China silk like the curtains of my dressing-stand. The cushion at the back I tied on with white ribbons. Another chair had a cushion pieced of scraps of yellow-and-white cashmere in plain half-square pattern,

Jennie's work, with a tidy at the back made of white rick-rack sewed together in wheels to represent daisies with yellow centres.

A small, old, round table had its legs painted white, with gold trimmings, and the top covered with a spread of white linen, fringed all around, and figures etched in the corners with the yellow rope linen.

My pincushion was a square of yellow velvet, covered with a small antique lace tidy, with a bow of the yellow satin ribbon on one corner.

I made a whisk-holder and bangle-board combined, out of yellow velvet, in the form of a crescent and star. The star was the whisk-holder. I covered two pieces of stiff pasteboard, one with the yellow silesia, and the other, a trifle larger, with the velvet, and overhanded them together so that the stitches would not show on the right side. A narrow band of pasteboard covered in the same way, and fastened across the centre of the star, held the whisk. The crescent was made like the star, with a row of hooks running diagonally across one side. The crescent was suspended below the star with its two points, and the two side points and the upper point of the star connected with a brass chain with which it was hung upon the wall. Both star and crescent were decorated with a spray of daisies.

Cousin Mary gave me two little studies in roses, her own work, one of white and the other of yellow roses. For these I had some little fancy-shaped frames made, which I had painted in white with gold lines.

An old steel engraving of George Washington at prayer, which mother had had for a great many years, had its frame dressed with a coating of white paint, and looked quite respectable to occupy the guest chamber.

I had one picture in a gilt frame which I transferred to this room. These, with some cabinet pictures of friends, in frames I made myself of the yellow velvet, with an embroidered spray of white daisies across one corner, like the whisk-holder, constituted my wall decorations.

So much white in a room would soon be soiled if used every day, but I think it will last a long time here; besides, the

muslin and linen will wash, and a fresh coating of paint will freshen the furniture at any time. The most of the fancy work I did at Aunt Laura's with her help.

The painting was the hardest part of the work at home; the room was soon finished after that was done.

I have the satisfaction of knowing that my room has been furnished with very little expense, and in an original and unconventional way. Jennie calls it the daisy-room, because daisies are white and yellow, and because I have used that design in several pieces of the fancy work.

If you will come and visit me, I think, when I show you to the "daisy" room, which I certainly should do, that you will agree with me that my satisfaction and pride are not without foundation.

HATTIE MARLEY.

MONDAY DINNERS.

THE Monday dinner, breakfast or tea is a source of anxiety to the housewife. She sees the larder full of odds and ends left over from Sunday, and racks her brain as to how she shall dispose of them to the satisfaction of the family palates, which is, of course, no easy task, since the family has yet to be discovered that prefers "picked-up meals" to the regulation dinner. As a rule families have an antipathy to hash; croquettes are regarded with suspicion. Here are some very simple recipes for cold meat and potatoes which can be made into savory dishes with a little trouble:

"Toad in the hole" tastes better than it sounds. Cut cold, cooked meat into pieces one inch square, and put them into a greased baking-dish. Beat one egg until light, add to it one pint of milk; stir into it gradually six tablespoonfuls of flour, beating stiffly all the time while stirring in. Strain through a fine sieve; add a half-teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and pour it over the meat. Bake one hour. Serve in baking-dish.

To serve potatoes with cream sauce, cut cold-boiled potatoes into dice, place them in a baking-pan, cover with cream-sauce, which is nothing more than milk thickened with flour and seasoned with pepper,

salt, and a little butter. Sprinkle over the sauce a teaspoonful of bread-crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

When you have a roasted joint for dinner save the remains and cook it as follows, and you will have an appetizing dish: Cut the pieces up small and lay them in a stewpan, about an hour before dinner. Add a lump of butter in proportion to the meat. You have gravy left over; use that and very little butter. Cut into rings a boiled carrot, chop half an onion fine, and add two or three cold potatoes sliced, salt and pepper to taste, and put in a little parsley if you like. Pour a little hot water over all, and let the whole simmer until well cooked, keeping tightly covered all the time. When done, serve hot on a platter covered

with small bits of toast, and see what a savory dish can be made out of scraps.

DON'T permit table or bed linen to lie from year to year without being used. It will last the longer for an occasional washing. If it is already very yellow, cut up a pound of white soap into four quarts of milk. Put it over the stove in a wash-kettle, and when the soap has dissolved put in the linen and boil fifteen minutes; then wash in soapsuds and rinse in two clean waters, bluing the last water slightly. The possessor of a grass plot can whiten her choice linen by simply rinsing in soapsuds and laying it on the grass for two or three days. Rinse in clear water and dry upon the line and it will be sweet and fresh and white.

THE LUNCHEON HOUR. Perhaps the doctor is right who says that a great portion of the sickness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. It is interesting to watch the average citizen when he goes into a restaurant for his dinner. He does not seem to regard the meal with any degree of fondness, but acts as though the eating of it is one of those disagreeable duties which confront a man at every step on the highway of life. He attacks the meal savagely, and you can hear his knife and fork rattling a furlong away. He shovels the food into his mouth as a hired man shovels corn into a shelling machine, and swallows it without chewing it. He pours down a lot of ice-water or wine when the meat is being consumed, with a frantic endeavor to make it as indigestible as possible, and when the last sad rites are over he rushes to the cashier's desk and settles with an expression of relief mantling his radiant countenance like a rainbow after a storm. The stern physician says that people should eat very slowly, and while away the time between bites by conversation about the weather, the crops or any other cheerful subject. In this way the days of the years of their pilgrimage may be many.

SELFISHNESS OF THE BUSY MAN. The selfishness of the busy or pre-

occupied man shows itself in his habit of subordinating everything to the exigencies of his own work and gradually making them an excuse for having his own way in relation to matters wholly unconnected with it. He falls into the way of believing that it is a matter of necessity for him to arrange his holidays, his amusements, his hospitalities, and his social intercourse in general with exclusive reference to his own professional convenience. Thus in time he becomes, if not a really selfish man, at least a very good copy of one.

EMERSON says, "The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel." If we ourselves are true and noble, simple and sincere, we need not fear that our efforts to elevate and to purify others will ever prove a failure.

THERE is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our out-door exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

IT is always safe to learn even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"**S**AVE thyself"—what for? For your own personal gratification merely? No; true wives and mothers seldom do this, but the fact that we, as mothers, are in a great degree responsible for the future and eternal welfare of our children should influence us to save time and strength for educating the little ones within our homes. What will be the result if the first rudiments of education be received from the hands and lips of a tired, overworked teacher? Will the lessons be those of harmony, patience, love, and sweetness of disposition? Or will the frowns and hasty words be indelibly impressed upon their memories, molding our children slowly, but, oh! how effectively, into discontented and fault-finding men and women.

A few of us recently were discussing our neighbors—in a friendly way, however—and it was decided that the reason one of our lady acquaintances is such a perfect housekeeper is this, that every member of the family—and there are several boys—have been taught with decision that the smallest article used must at once be restored to its proper place. Another delicate wife and mother keeps her home in perfect order, but, though she prepares wholesome and appetizing meals, she does not waste her strength by cooking hot suppers. Can we not watch for the simplest modes of housework? For instance, let all the members of the family take proper care of their clothing. Many articles are consigned to the wash that are not soiled, only wrinkled or

mussed by being thrown into a heap. Children's dresses are often so soiled as to necessitate changing every day for lack of a front apron or bib while eating. Older ones are set at washing dishes, or similar work, without the work-apron, which they should be taught to put on and take off as occasion requires. A few garments less in the wash would enable us, perhaps, to "wear a smiling face" at the dinner-table on wash-days—which we are not so likely to do if haunted by a vision of washtubs and sloppy floors.

If your husband invites you to attend a literary or social gathering, or solicits your company for a drive, do you refuse because you "haven't time?" Beware, lest he cease to ask you and seeks for company whose influence may fill your heart with sorrow and regret when it shall be too late. Do your children say that "mother never has time to plan for picnics or birthday surprises?" Do you, these glorious summer days, take them with you to the green fields and shady woods and teach them of nature, and nature's God? Do you have time to kneel with them at close of day and teach them lessons of faith? Are they already slipping away from your influence? Let each mother ask her heart these questions, and then—do not delay; take time now to reclaim the little ones.

AUNT HOPE.

"SISTER CALLIE" SPEAKS AGAIN.

In my August number of the "HOME," which has just arrived, I notice a request for "alcoholic pickles." I have never made any myself, but have eaten those made by a friend which were very nice, and as I have her rule will send it, hoping it will be what is wanted. To three quarts of water add one quart each of alcohol and West Indies molasses, drop in the cucumbers along as you gather them from day to day, and cover with a cloth. When the liquid begins to work take off the cloth, wash, and return it

every morning; do this so long as it continues to work. These pickles keep nicely.

I hope M. L. T. will give her recipe for baking-powder. I have long wished for a good one, and presume others have. I think this exchange of recipes and experience a great help to us all.

I make vinegar pies without eggs. To one-half cup of good vinegar add a full cup of water; sweeten to taste and put on to boil. Mix a heaping tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with water, and stir into the boiling mixture adding a bit of butter as large as your thimble; spice to taste, and raisins, if you like. Bake in two crusts. This makes one pie on a good-sized plate. I find this a good way to use up the spiced vinegar left from sweet pickles, in which, of course, no spice and less sugar will be needed.

Here is a nice gingerbread for everyday eating, especially for our New England farmers, who make their own "sweet'ning." One cup each of sour cream and maple molasses, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of ginger; flour to enable you to knead and roll like shortcake; bake on earthen plates. This makes two cakes; for one divide the rule, using rather more than half the quantity of soda. The friend of whom I learned this always makes two cakes, one to be eaten warm for tea, the other to be used cold next day; and she was very careful not to loosen the second loaf from the plate until it was cold, so that it would not sweat and moisten the underside.

Do any of the "sisters," when preparing mashed potatoes make an extra quantity and fry it next morning for breakfast? I think it very nice. Cut it in slices rather more than a half-inch thick and fry in a buttered spider or on a griddle.

I once spilled some ink the whole length of a white apron. The lady at whose house I happened to be put it in sweet milk over night, but without effect. We then tried sour milk, then castile soap, but the stain was as bright as ever. She had a small piece of lemon, and we applied what little juice there was, which removed the ink so far as it went. I at once sallied out to the small stores and little hotel which the wee village contained, only to find that I was, to all ap-

pearances, "twelve miles from a lemon." I then gathered a large handful of the leaves of the common sorrel, bruised them, rubbed them well on the stain, let them remain for an hour or more, then washed and scalded the apron, and all traces of the ink had disappeared. I afterward learned that a handful of sorrel leaves tied up in a cloth and put into a boiler of clothes when being boiled will remove many stains and whiten the clothes.

SISTER CALLIE.

DOES EVERY ONE KNOW?

I wonder if all the readers of the "HOME" know how easily they can arrange to hide any unsightly prospect which, but for the device given below, might be seen from their windows? If you are annoyed with such you can, by taking ordinary beer and Epsom salts, mixing to the consistency of cream and spreading over the glass, convert your window-panes into pretty, frost-like (looking) work, which will answer your purpose and not exclude the light.

I would like, too, to tell how to make a pretty hanging-basket before, with good wishes to all, I close.

Take grape-vines about the thickness of a slender finger, cut into lengths of ten inches, soak in hot water till they are pliable, then with a pen-knife make in them holes about an inch from both ends. Pass a piece of steel hoop through these holes, having previously burned the ends of the hoop-wire to make it bend so as to fasten. The distance should be evenly arranged, the upper hoop being longer than the lower, so that the basket will have slanting sides. The top should be about thirteen inches in diameter, although it may be smaller if preferred. The sticks should be about two inches apart, and three more pieces of hoop placed at equal distances from top to bottom, that the weight of the earth may not split the sticks. Pieces of hoop are then fastened across the bottom, the basket lined with moss and earth added in which vines, etc., may be planted according to fancy. A handle should be made of the hoop, which the twining vines will soon cover. Let our flower-lovers try this.

VIRGINIA.

SALT-RISING BREAD.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have often thought I would like to contribute a little to this department in return for favors received, but pressure of household cares has until now prevented my writing out some of my pet recipes or "hobbies" in the culinary line. On reading the method employed by "Elder's Wife" for salt-rising bread, however, I decided to postpone the making of my little girl's apron this afternoon, and give my recipe. I do not doubt that "Elder's Wife" makes as light and delicious bread as mine (I do not think it can be more so), yet her way of making it must of necessity take up a great portion of the day, while my plan renders it easy to have the bread baked and out of the way early in the morning. The following is the formula, which is very simple:

The morning before you wish to bake your bread, take two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk—morning's milk is best—let it come to a boil, remove from the fire and immediately stir in sufficient corn-meal to make a soft batter. Put this in some small, convenient vessel, and keep in a warm place during the day. As soon as you rise next morning put two-thirds of a quart of warm water in a can or pitcher which will hold about two quarts, dissolve in it half a teaspoon of soda, stir in your "start," made the day before, then enough sifted flour to make a batter not too stiff. Stand the vessel in a kettle of warm water, cover close, and keep in a warm place. It will rise to the top in two hours—oftener less—time. This amount of yeast will make from three to five loaves of bread, according to size. Sift your flour, not forgetting salt, in the centre, mix nearly a pint of boiling water and immediately after enough sweet milk or cold water to cool it to the right temperature to receive the yeast, which pour in at once and mix all to a firm, smooth dough. Knead it well, form into loaves (using, if you wish, a part of the dough for biscuits, first working in a little shortening), put in a warm place to rise and watch it closely that it may not get too light, as this kind of bread is very apt to do if neglected. The rules for baking are about the same as for other bread.

By having a pan of light biscuit you

will not have to cut into your fresh loaves for dinner; and if you wish the biscuits hot you can keep them in a cool place until about three-quarters of an hour before you wish to bake them. The soda corrects any acidity that may arise in the "start" set the first day. Sometimes I do not set this till afternoon, but it always "comes" later next morning in consequence. I have wondered why this should be called "salt-rising bread." I think "self-rising" would be more appropriate.

MRS. S. M. KELTY.

[We shall very much like to have you share those tested recipes with the housekeepers of the "HOME" band, and extend a hearty invitation to you to ride one of those culinary "hobbies" into this department whenever you feel so inclined.]

JELLY MAKING.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I add a bit of supplemental experience in answer to "A Reader"? I have made grape and currant jelly without any heating. Mash the fruit, put in the jelly bag, and let it drain, moving the pulp carefully from one part of the bag to another, as the passage of the juice becomes clogged, but do not press it. It is the first "run" of the juice that makes nice, clear jelly; what remains may be sifted and made into marmalade. Confectioner's sugar is nice, and if granulated is used it should be rolled and sifted so to dissolve quickly. Use three-fourths pint to a pint of juice, and stir in gradually, a little at a time, continuing to stir until the sugar is all dissolved—fifteen or twenty minutes—then pour into your glasses and set in a warm, sunny place, covering each with a small piece of glass. Keep the jelly exposed to the sun all that is possible, wiping off the moisture from the underside of the glass as it accumulates. After the jelly hardens, which it sometimes will do in less than one day, place over the tops of the glasses circular pieces of paper wet in white of egg. I made some grape jelly (of wild grapes) this summer which is as nearly perfect as it is possible for such things. I cooked the grapes in a stone jar in the oven, before straining out the juice.

I second the suggestion for hints telling us how to make our rooms homelike and

pretty at small expense. Will tell you how I made a handy little article for my bureau the other day. I took a cigar-box, lined it outside and in (having removed the cover) with blue silesia, covered the lid and lined it with the same, stuffing the top with cotton, then sewed the lid to the box at the back, fastening on two pieces of ribbon, just as the tapes are fastened which hold up a trunk-cover. I put a frill of coffee-colored lace around the box and had a little square of net edged with lace edge to match the frill, to throw, corner-wise, over the top. For a pincushion and hair-receiver combined, nothing could be prettier.

CLARA BELLE.

HOME RECIPES.

SMOTHERED FISH.—Haddock is one of the cheapest kinds of fish we have, and may be cooked so as to be very palatable. Here is one way, which we like very much: Fry a slice or two of nice salt pork brown in your spider or kettle. Then put in your fish, it being first, of course, properly prepared as for frying, cover closely, and let cook in its own "juice" for one half hour. If desired a little butter-gravy may be served with it. It should be salted, allowing for the saltiness of the pork when first put on to cook. Try this, and see if you do not call it nice with very little bother.

A. L. H.

CRACKER PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three finely rolled crackers, yolks of two eggs; bake about half an hour; make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, with one-half cup sugar, flavor to taste, pour over pudding, and brown lightly in the oven.

ANNIE.

AMY'S CAKES (original recipe).—Two cups butter, or lard and butter mixed, two cups sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one and three-fourths cups of milk, or milk and water will do, and enough flour to make about the consistency of pound cake. Flavor, or not, as preferred, or a few currants or caraway seeds may be added if liked. Beat the butter to a cream, add the fine sugar, beat well, then put in the milk, mix the powder with a

little flour, add the flour, beating all the time until of the proper consistency. Well butter a tin, drop on pieces as large as a hen's egg, and bake in a rather hot oven to a nice brown.

MRS. Q.

DEAR EDITOR:—Although I have lived in the country many years, and always have plenty of fresh eggs and milk, I never learned how to make a really good custard pie until a city visitor learned me, this summer! Put on three large cupfuls of morning's milk to scald; break three fresh eggs into a quart bowl, add a pinch of salt, a large tablespoonful of flour, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-third of a nutmeg, grated; beat all together until very light, then pour in the scalded milk. The mixture should thicken slightly, as it is stirred. Having previously lined a custard pie plate with crust, pinching up the edges well, set it in the oven a few moments before pouring in the custard. Bake until the pie does not "milk" when you insert the handle of a silver spoon. Do not have so hot an oven that the custard will bubble—"A pie wheyed is a pie spoiled," my mother used to say. A nice custard pie should be firm but creamy, and quiver like jelly when cut.

SISTER ANGIE.

NAIDA'S CAKE (original recipe).—One heaping cup of brown sugar, one large spoonful of butter, worked to a cream with the sugar, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of water, one teaspoon of cream tartar, flavor with nutmeg and essence of lemon, flour to make a soft dough, roll about one-half inch thick, bake in as quick an oven as possible and not burn. This cake is inexpensive, and very nice with your coffee in the morning.

NAIDA.

NOTELETS.

Can any of the readers of "HOME" Notes tell me how to bake beans and have them "like mother's used to be?" I have several good recipes for baking beans, among them the celebrated "Boston" rule, but they all fail to give the desired result. Perhaps it is my fault, as I am but a be-

ginner in the art of cookery. If so, I would like it to be pointed out.

A NEW READER.

[For one thing, possibly you bake your beans too quickly. In the old-fashioned ovens, which many of us can remember, the beans, brown-bread, Indian pudding, etc., were exposed for a long time to a steady, quiet heat; but in the hot ovens of the stoves of our day such dainties are quickly cooked without acquiring the delicious brownness and flavor which once characterized them. Try baking your beans all day, keeping a slow, steady fire. One "HOME" housekeeper whom we know washes on Saturday, and so gets her beans in the oven early in the morning, lets them bake all day and all night, putting on a little coal just before going to bed. Her "Sunday morning beans" are vastly superior to anything of the sort coming from the bake-shop, and she says it costs her really nothing to bake them, because she would have to keep the fire, in any case. She says, too, that Saturday, as a washing-day, is very much to be preferred to Monday. What do our housekeepers think of this "notion"?]

DEAR EDITOR:—Will some one please to tell me how long a time it is after exposure to the measles or other infectious diseases to which children are subject, before they break out? And oblige,

WESTERN MOTHER.

[The quickest way to obtain the information asked for would have been to consult a physician. For your benefit and that of other "HOME" mothers, however, we submit the following table, given by that most excellent authority, *Babyhood*, the writer of which says that in most cases the sooner the disease is developed after exposure the more severe will be the attack, and that the variation is due to the nature of the epidemic or the susceptibility of the patient to the disease. If a child passes the longest period stated it will, as a rule, escape.

"Scarlet fever, twelve hours to seven days; measles, nine to twelve days; small-pox, twelve to fourteen days; chicken-pox, eight to seventeen days; diphtheria, two to eight days; whooping-cough, four to fourteen days; mumps, eight to twenty-two days."]

DISCONTENT. Every one who suffers the pangs of discontent believes the cause to lie in something which he wants and cannot get, a something which he has and cannot get rid of—some unsatisfied longing, some trial to be borne, some hope deferred, some haunting fear. He feels sure that, could this longing be satisfied, this trial be removed, this hope realized, this fear dispelled, his discontent would vanish like dew before the sun. Yet again and again these things actually take place, and he is neither easier nor happier than before. His discontent, deprived of one source, quickly finds another more grievous, and fastens upon that with a redoubled sense of woe.

TIRED IN THE MORNING. It is a good thing to have a room well ventilated; but ventilation is not all that is to be desired. The tired feeling in the morning may be due to an overweight of bed-covering; it may be due to malarial poison or to over-exertion during the day.

Try another sleeping-room, one story higher if possible. At this season it is well to be very moderate in the use of heavy food, particularly in the evening, and to eat a great deal of sound fruit. Hard dry rubbing with a large Turkish towel just before going to bed has an excellent effect.

WHOEVER is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken unto counsel;" whereas the foolish man, being, in proportion to his folly, full of himself and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own—and for that very reason, because it is his own.

NEIGHBOR: "Bertie, your mother is calling you!" Bertie: "Yes'm, I know it; but I fancy she don't want me very bad." Neighbor: "She has called you seven times already." Bertie: "Yes, I know; but she hasn't called 'Albert' yet."

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

TRAVELER'S COMFORTS.

TRAVELING pillows, or rather bolsters, are a great comfort on a wearisome journey. They should be made with two covers, one of linen for night use and another of brown holland or thin surah silk for the day. The bolster should be twenty to twenty-two inches in length, and twenty inches in circumference. It should be stuffed with hair, and covered with a thin ticking, which should be well sewn on, and quite tight. Over this permanent cover the more ornamental ones are easily drawn. The white linen covers are made the length and width of the bolster, and fitted with draw strings at each end. Beyond these draw strings a frilling of Cluny or other strong lace is arranged so that when the strings are tightly drawn the lace forms a handsome ruche at each end of the pillow. The linen cover is also worked either with white or blue linen thread. A pretty design is that of two straight borders of work near each end of the bolster, with the centre part filled up with fleur de lys, crosses or stars. Mount-mellick is the most suitable for this linen embroidery, as it combines all the best known thick and open embroidery stitches, and looks handsome whether worked entirely of white or with white centres and blue outlines.

The surah silk day covers to the bolster are made very full, material twice the circumference of the bolster being required, but only eighteen inches beyond the length. These spare eighteen inches are used to form a frill at each end of the bolster beyond the draw string, which is made of a double satin ribbon, matching the silk in color, and tied into a bow with long ends. As the silk is full over the bolster it does not require embroidery, but the owner's initials should be worked as a large monogram upon some part of it.

A very useful *couver-pied* can be made of many different materials. Thus, when

it is only required as a light covering to keep the dust off it is made with alternate strips of light tussore silk and dark brown alpaca. These strips are joined together by running and felling, and the lines of stitches concealed by herringbone worked in brown *filoselles*. Flowers are worked in shades of brown and chestnut colored silk. The chief stitch used is railway stitch, which is made with a loop and a small securing stitch brought up at the end of the loop and put back a little beyond it. The other stitches are coral, raised satin, and French knots. No fringe is used as a border to this summer *couver-pied*, but a border about three inches in depth of alpaca should replace it.

To work this *couver-pied* in warmer materials use strips of biscuit-colored blanket flannel, of which five strips, each six inches in width, are required. Embroider these with a little flower pattern, using single Berlin wool. To join these strips together work narrow strips of crochet in Afghan stitch, and place between each strip, fastening the two together with lines of herringbone worked in pale colored silks; for the fringe, buy a narrow knotted fringe or a narrow ball fringe made with wool.

It is always difficult to carry bottles on a journey with any safety to their contents and the articles packed with them, therefore it is not a bad plan to make a few cases with *toile ciré* and flannel to carry bottles, whose size is permanently known. To make such cases, take two bottles, lay them side by side, and take their width by passing a tape over them and into the space between them. Be careful that this measure is neither too small nor too large, as the case must fit tightly to the bottles to be of any use. Cut out a square cross in *toile ciré* from this measurement, making width and length equal. Line the cross with red flannel, and bind it round with worsted braid. Lay the bottles in the centre of the cross, turn the two arms over their

width, and sew these securely down with a line of stitching between the two. For the two other arms cut their corners off and put a strap of flannel across each end to hold sticking plaster or any other flat article, work a buttonhole and sew on a button and secure them over the bottles. A piece of ribbon or an elastic band should be passed round the case when the bottles are in. The advantage of this case is that it can be made of any size, as it is only necessary to take the widths of the bottles and cut the square cross to fit them.

Bags for shoes are too well known to need description. They should be made of brown holland and finished with a draw string; although they are a little troublesome to make at first, they will repay the time spent on them, as they save all the worry and annoyance of procuring paper at each successive packing. A waterproof case to hold sponge, tooth and nail brushes are handy. The case is made of a strip of macintosh twenty-four inches long and ten inches wide. This strip is bound round with a narrow ribbon, and one end turned over to form a deep pocket to hold the sponge.

Receptacles for holding needlework materials need not be particularized here, as any good wide grandmother's bag will hold all that are actually needed by the housewife, but as gentlemen frequently go off on excursions by themselves and want to mend their garments or sew on a button, a needlecase with needles already threaded in it make a good present. These needlecases are fitted with rows of needles through which passes the thread from a reel of cotton, and the worker, when a needle is required, takes out the top needle, drawing with it as much thread as he requires through the eyes of the other needles without unthreading them. By this simple plan about forty threaded needles are available without any trouble of threading them. The case is made of brown linen, and is lined with red flannel and bound with narrow brown ribbon. Cut a strip of brown linen a little wider than the length of three reels of cotton laid together, and eight inches in length. Line this strip with flannel, and bind this round with narrow ribbon. Turn over one end to form a pocket to hold three reels of cotton, and hide the gatherings at the sides thus made with a loop or

two of brown ribbon. Place the reels in the case, and run a small short knitting needle through them concealing the ends of this needle among the ribbon loops. Round off the edges of the other end of the strip, and work two buttonholes in it. Arrange on the flannel three rows of needles with their eyes all in one direction. Through each row run one of the threads of cotton fastened to the reels. Roll up the case and ascertain where the buttonholes will come to, and sew on two small shirt buttons there, and the work is complete.

AN INFANT'S KNITTED SHIRT.

MATERIALS: One ounce of two-fold Saxony and two small bone needles. Cast on eighty-five stitches.

First row.—Plain.

Second row.—Purl.

Third row.—Plain.

Fourth row.—Slip one, thread over, *knit four, slip one, knit two together, bind, slipped stitch over, knit four, thread over, knit one, thread over; repeat from * to the end of the needle. Thread over before knitting the last stitch.

Fifth row.—Purl, slipping the first stitch.

Sixth row.—Same as fourth row.

Seventh row.—Purl, slipping the first stitch.

Eighth row.—Same as fourth row.

Ninth row.—Plain, slipping the first stitch.

These nine rows make one cluster of seven shell points. Begin again at first row, and repeat till you have six clusters, or fifty-four rows.

Fifty-fifth row.—Plain.

Fifty-sixth row.—With back of shells toward you, knit seven plain and three purl across, the last five stitches matching stitches as fifty-sixth row.

Fifty-eighth row.—Same as fifty-sixth row.

Fifty-ninth row.—Plain.

Sixtieth row.—Knit two, then purl three, and knit seven to the end of the row.

Sixty-first row.—Knit three, then purl seven, and knit three across.

Sixty-second row.—Same as sixtieth row.

Sixty-third row.—Plain.

This makes two clusters of basket pattern. Begin at the fifty-sixth row, and repeat until you have twenty rows of basket work. Bind off loosely.

Knit the front like it, using—or take forty-three stitches off on a cord—and, leaving it open in the middle at the beginning of the seventh cluster of basket work. At the sixteenth cluster begin to narrow for the shoulder. Knit two together at the beginning and ending of each row next to the middle, until you have twenty clusters of basket work. Bind off loosely. Join the wool to the middle, and knit the other side the same.

Sleeves: Cast on sixty stitches, knit first row plain, then begin basket pattern; now narrow once on each end of needles

every other row until you have fifty stitches remaining. Knit eleven clusters of basket work.

Take finer needles and knit* two plain, two purl; repeat from * to the end of the needle. Next row purl * two knit two; repeat from * to the end of the needle. Knit ten more rows and bind off loosely. Sew the shoulders together. Sew on the sleeves. Then join the sleeves and the sides of the shirt. Begin at the corner of neck and crochet * one T C, CH one, one T C (three stitches apart); repeat from * around the neck and opening. Begin at corner, make * four T C between the first and second T C, one s c between the third and fourth T C; repeat from *, working in every stitch. Run a narrow ribbon through the holes.

SOCIETY MANNERS. What is the real secret to being agreeable? Every one wishes to be so. Is it a natural gift or can it be acquired? There are those who toil and strive for it, but never attain it, and there are those who have it in great perfection without the least apparent effort.

The wish to be agreeable is part of the secret, provided the wish is strong enough to overcome our indolence. One who goes to a party honestly determined to contribute his fair share to the general enjoyment, rarely fails to be agreeable. That resolve causes him to render his personal appearance as pleasing as possible, and this of itself is an important element of success.

It is wonderful what spotless cleanliness and tasteful attire will do for people to whom Nature has not been gracious. Besides disposing others to be pleased with us, it puts us in good humor with ourselves, and that helps us to get in friendly accord with the rest of the company.

Those clubs and parties which agree to meet without "dressing up" do not generally last long. When people come together for any rational object, they ought to "dress up." It is possible to overdress, and to attach an unreasonable importance to externals; but, surely, this is an extreme less to be deplored, than a

boorish indifference to the impression we make on others.

It is not well to put on clothes which are costly beyond our means, or splendid beyond the occasion; but it is highly proper to express our respect for the company we enter by making ourselves as pleasing to the eye as we possibly can.

TABLE MANNERS. A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etiquette, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible. No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions, to ask for another cup of coffee or tea. But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

IN this rapid age of progress all labor-saving contrivances are valued as blessings, and though nothing has been invented to sew on buttons that will not come off, yet during a visit to an Orphans' Home I was impressed with the method of one of the regular menders, who used No. 24 cotton to sew on buttons, "because with this thread three stitches will hold the button on, while if I used No. 40 it would require eight stitches, thus taking up more time and thread." This same person "ran" all the heels and knees of the new stockings so as to keep them from wearing so soon into holes, using heavy cotton or yarn of the same shade, and doing the working on the wrong side, where the stitches are long, while on the right side they are short and hardly to be seen. The running stitches must be smoothly and easily done, so as to give when stretched over the foot. This does not properly belong to dressmaking, but labor-saving ideas, I know, are of great assistance to mothers of growing boys and girls.

Foundation skirts are worn two yards and a half wide, with one steel, which is put in rather low, about twenty-two inches below the belt, and tied back decidedly loosely. Bustles are medium in size and will evidently be worn for some time to come, as the appearance of the women discarding this "improver" does not impress one with the idea that "nature unadorned is the most adorned." Horsehair pads in the back of skirts are not recommended, as they are too warm, but there are a dozen well-fitting bustles, light in weight, of bone and steel, that set well if properly tied to make them of a becoming size, but not obtrusive.

From personal experience I have found it best to sew skirt facings down at the top with the facing toward the sewer when using a *single* threaded sewing-machine, which brings the heavy stitching where it will not rub against the shoes, break the silk and thus ravel out before the wearer knows of the ripping. Do not bone Jersey waists, but if they "ride" up over the

hips put a belt tape in, catching it down at the three back and under-arm seams, set it a third of an inch above the waist line and after the waist is all fastened pull each hip part down in place and run a black pin on the under-side to hold it to the skirt. This keeps it straight and leaves the easy close-fitting appearance that bones would somewhat destroy.

The idea given in skirts is to have narrow fronts, flat sides and full, gathered backs. The coming season will find Redingotes, long polonaises, and draped princess dresses the style for street and house costumes, and the beauty of the two former garments is, to an economical woman, that they may be worn with corresponding or contrasting skirts, very little of the latter showing, which makes it an admirable style for remodeling half-worn garments. The Redingote effect may be given with a trimmed skirt, and two old dresses made in this fashion lately, proved such a success that I will describe them for others having good parts of two dresses. One was a black silk and the other a green serge. Out of the latter a basque was cut from the original one by making a point in place of a postillion, shortening and the fronts to the waist line; coat sleeves. The serge also furnished two straight breadths for the back of the skirt, which were gathered around the basque point, on the inside and fell over a shaped roll sewed on the inside around the point, like the ulster backs are finished; this opens on the side and forms a very stylish back. The serge sides of the skirt were like flat panels, lined with crinoline, faced down the fronts with serge, and filled up all the space between the back and narrow front.

The latter was of silk, two widths, shirred to a depth of five inches at the top, with the sides laid over it so that the silk formed an inverted V, about six inches wide at the top and twenty inches at the lower edge, with the straight edges of the side pieces sewed down in long, easy stitches through to the lining and about two inches back of the edge. The back

edge of the side pieces should be cut bias like the side gores and put under the edge of the back breadths. On the edge of the skirt is a tiny plaiting of the silk, which only shows as the skirt blows. Black silk also forms the pointed cuffs, high collar, short Directoire revers, narrow vest and belt from the side seams, which is shaped in a tiny point in front and buckled like a small girdle. Large button molds covered with silk trim the pockets, cuffs, and three on each side of the basque, below the revers finish as neat a suit as the average woman may wish for. As two and three materials and colors are now used in combination, the above model proves practical for other colors.

Hand-made buttonholes are now considered more suitable for plain or elegant dresses than machine-made ones. Sleeve puffs at the arm size grow in favor, and a very pretty, quaint sleeve just produced, is cut much wider and longer at the top, with gathers up each side to a depth of three inches from the top, and across the top from side to side; this forms a full puff, which is then Shirred in three rows in the centre from the top of the sleeve to a depth of three inches, and caught firmly to the lining, which gives the effect of a puff both back and front with a depression between the fullness.

Since round waists are so fashionable it is well to remember that they should be

cut to a length of two inches below the waist line, which part is then thrust below the skirt belt and prevents the skirt and waist parting when the arms are raised. Belts, ribbon, sashes, and Empire sashes of piece silk are worn with the above waists. A new idea in collars is to finish the dress neck with a narrow bias band; then make the collar complete, outside, buckram lining and facing, hemming all four sides after the outside material has been turned up on the inside. When finished slip stitch the collar over the band to the dress neck. This does away with the thick neck seam, and is convenient for dressmakers as the collar is easily altered if too long or too short when put on in this manner.

The awkward feeling of a short wrap is appreciated all over the globe and some French *modistes* have rendered the arms more comfortable by leaving the side seams under the arm pieces open, finishing each edge as the bottom edge is done and then uniting the pieces so that they just meet with four pieces of inch-wide silk elastic, which give with every movement and allow a freedom of the arms that can not be obtained otherwise. Outside jackets having inserted vests are fitted with the elastic pieces holding the vest from the arm sizes to the bottom of the garment at the side seams.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

LEARN your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing; in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself. Never fail to keep your appointments or to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed, except when sleeping.

CONDUCT AND CHARACTER. The idea that so long as a thing is good to be done it must be done at all hazards is a

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very demoralizing one. It puts conduct above character, whereas conduct is chiefly valuable as it is the natural fruit of character. Not only should we consider the intrinsic quality of the motive we present, but also the effect of its being strongly and frequently excited. For motive becomes habitual by repetition, as well as action. Every time we arouse cupidity or avarice, envy or rivalry, hope of public applause or fear of the public frown, we help to form a corresponding character, and we may well inquire what is the object that, when gained, will be worth such a price. That this should be done thoughtlessly and unconsciously, as it often is, shows a great deficiency in our moral condition.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

QUESTIONED BY HER LOVER.

WHERE is thy charm! My love, I
cannot tell:
Be thou content to know I love thee
well

And ask no more.
A woman loves not as, 'tis said, men
do
For a lip's beauty, for an eye of blue
Ne'er seen before:

But for a deeper something in the soul—
A guiding strength, a power beyond
control,

All thought above:
For an ideal beauty—a deep grace,
Which oft, indeed, no other one can
trace—

Does woman love.

So ask me not wherein I find thy charm:
In answering thee I might my love dis-
arm—

I cannot tell.
Since from the perfect whole no charm
could part,
'Tis for thyself, and only as thou art,
I love thee well.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

SEPARATION OF FRIENDS.

WHAT shall I do with all the days
and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy
face?
How shall I charm the interval that
lowers
Between this time and that sweet time
of grace?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake, I will lay
hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to
thee,

In worthy deeds, each moment that is
told
While thou, belovèd one, art far from
me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to
try
All heavenward flights, all high and
holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently,
Through these long hours, nor call their
minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein
strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I
live.

So may this darksome time build up in
me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be
thine,
So may my love and longing hallowed
be,
And thy dear thought an influence
divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

"MAY FLOWERS."

ONLY a wild wood flower, half hidden
among the green,
'Neath leaves and mosses and ferns are its
starry blossoms seen.
Modest and lovely and pure, it lifts its
head from the ground,
And flings its fragrance fresh and sweet
o'er everything around.

Only a common life—to most of the world
unknown,
By daily labors and cares it is well nigh
overgrown.
But the sweetness of kindly deeds and
words to all is freely given,
And the fragrance of an unselfish life is
wafted unto Heaven.

MYNHEER'S GOOD-NIGHT.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe;
 Sailed on a river of misty light
 Into a sea of dew.
 "Where are you going, and what do you
 wish?"
 The old moon asked the three.
 "We have come to fish for the herring fish
 That live in this beautiful sea;
 Nets of silver and gold have we."
 Said Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
 As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
 And the wind that sped them all night
 long
 Ruffled the waves of dew;
 The little stars were the herring fish
 That lived in the beautiful sea.
 "Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
 But never afraid are we."
 So cried the stars to the fisherman three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam;
 Then down from the sky came the wooden
 shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home.
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folk thought 'twas a dream
 they dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea;
 But I shall name you the fishermen
 three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle bed;
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock on the misty sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-
 men three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

HOW PASSOVER BREAD IS MADE. In the preparation of the Jewish Passover bread the kneading is done in the ordinary way. Pure gunpowder water is the only component added. The time for the dough to be baked is reduced to the minimum. It is broken into flat cakes and then run between rollers into very thin sheets. Over these a workman rolls a pronged steel to perforate the dough, so that air holes may be seen in baked cakes. A steel hoop cuts the dough into round, flat sheets, which are then ready for the oven. The baker then stands with a paddle, attached to a very long handle. With the aid of a boy he thrusts the cakes into the brick compartment, and in half a minute pulls them out ready for use. A matzath cake is round, about four feet in diameter, somewhat browned, and having slight air-hole projections on its surface. They have a rather pleasant taste, not unlike that of

crackers, and make a good substitute for bread. In some places there is a demand throughout the entire year for the unleavened cakes by dyspeptics. About eight cakes weigh a pound. The cakes are very brittle, and their pieces are ground up into fine meal. This is the substitute for wheat flour in the household during the Passover.

IVORY ornaments are quickly cleansed by brushing them with a new, not very sharp tooth-brush to which little soap is given; then rinse the ornament in lukewarm water. Next dry the trinket and brush a little, and continue brushing till the lustre reappears—which can be increased by pouring some alcohol on the brush and applying it to the trinket. Should this have become yellow, dry it in a gentle heat and it will appear as if new.

FASHIONS.

AUTUMN GOWNS.

FOR autumn wear the cloth costume made in tailor style is far more useful and effective than anything of a more distinctly fancy type and suits the vagaries of our climate by reason of its severe simplicity and the necessary warmth afforded by its woolen texture.

The true tailor gown is made in the most simple style as regards the fashion of its draperies; but such frivolities as colored waistcoats and elaborate braiding designs have long been recognized by the tailor—in fact, many of the new autumn gowns have silk blouses, and tinsel braid is not by any means new on a tailor-made costume.

The first autumn dresses will be of cashmere or of camel's hair, in shades of dahlia, castor, brown, grayish blue, Eiffel red, or mahogany, trimmed with black pointed passementerie of silk cords in open designs. The round waist, full and slightly pointed, will be trimmed with three vandyke points of the gimp in front, and sometimes in the back also, beginning just below the collar, and on the shoulders; that in the middle is the deepest; and to hold it well the cashmere of the waist should be lapped to the left shoulder and hooked from the left shoulder down, though the waist lining is hooked in front. The fullness in front and back is drawn in small plaits to the points at the waist line. No darts are seen, and there is not more than one side form; indeed, in the genuine French waist the only seams are those under the arms. The standing collar is fastened on the left side and should be covered with passementerie. The sleeves are in one piece, full at the top and shaped to fit the arms below the elbow. A point of passementerie is placed at the top, pointing downward, and at the wrists, pointing upward. Black ribbon, three inches wide, is folded less than two inches in width, and laid smooth around the pointed end of the waist, fastening on the left side with a

square bow. The straight round skirt mounted on a foundation skirt is trimmed all around the foot, or else only in front and on the sides, with upturned points of the black passementerie. These straight skirts should not have their placket-hole opening in front or back, but on one side, usually the left, as it can best be kept closed there. It is also a good plan to permanently attach the belted skirt to the waist, tacking the belt across the back and sides of the pointed bodice inside at the waist line.

When pointed passementerie is not liked, three bands of straight passementerie of open design are placed around the skirt above a hem that is six or eight inches deep. This is very handsome in black on grayish green or Eiffel red cashmere. The round, slightly pointed bodice is then trimmed along its edge with this straight passementerie, and it may be set in pointed tongues or in V's on the front and back of the waist, or come from the side seams to the point in front. It should have similar trimming at the top and bottom of the full sleeves. Camel's hair dresses with broché borders along one selvage are made in the way just described for cashmere, the border taking the place of the passementerie.

VELVET OR SILK JACKETS.

Short sleeveless jackets of velvet, of faille, or of moiré will form the bodice of many dresses of silk or of fine wool. The dress material will be down the middle of the front of the waist, shirred closely at top and bottom, or drooping in blouse fashion. The little square jacket of velvet will fall open to show the front. It is without revers, reaches only to the waist line, and is square-cornered. The back may be straight across the waist or slightly pointed, and sometimes two tabs are added in basque fashion. Silk cord in braiding-pattern trims velvet jackets. Silk jackets are sometimes black on colored dresses, and are then faced with the color of the

dress and may have revers of the same; sleeves of the dress goods are with these or a black moiré jacket on a black Hen- jackets.



rietta cloth waist may have green or mahogany revers and collar and cord to match on the edge. Rather large full

Although much credit must be given to the cut and shape of the best tailor-made garments, yet there are few mate-

rials so easy to fit and adjust as a cloth of medium substance ; and when we remember that the pressing-iron and the damp

without the seams showing through, as in a thinner material.

In a cloth costume the back sets flat



rag play such an important part in the workroom, it is easy to comprehend how cloth can be made to fit so closely and

and plain, and there are no signs of whalebones, and no ridges formed by the corset ; whereas with a thin silk or cash-

mere gown this is often the case, and that not through any defect in cut and make,

who joins up lining and material together and leaves all the seams on the inside of



but solely on account of the texture of the dress material.

The tailor builds his garments on quite a different principle to the dressmaker,

the bodice. Of course, such matters vary slightly, as each house has some peculiarity of make; but the ordinary plan adopted by the tailor is to cut out the

cloth composing the bodice, which is then neatly tacked up or "basted," as it is technically termed, and during this process various small pieces of canvas or "stays" are inserted in various parts where stiffening is desired, or where it is not advisable that the parts should pull or stretch. These "stays" are usually placed under the arm on the front part of bodice, and on the front at the centre for buttonholes and buttons, and across the waist-line just in front of the under-arm seam, and also round the back of the neck; but if the cloth is very firm and the dress is not cut on the cross, many of these canvas arrangements are omitted.

When the seams are stitched and well pressed the damp rag and the warm iron are used most carefully to "shrink" various parts where the superfluous cloth is likely to form wrinkles owing to hollows in the figure.

Thus, at the waist-line, just in front of the under-arm seam, the rag is laid here, and pressure from the heated iron causes the cloth to contract so that it falls or draws close to the figure without any aid from the needle.

Down the front, too, between the bust and basque point, the iron again smooths out those small creases which usually form by reason of the receding figure, and also in the waist curve of the back and again in front of the armhole, where some figures fall in very much.

The pressing-iron needs also to be used very skillfully on the shoulder, and not in the same way for each figure, as some require a hollow quite in the centre of the shoulder, which should be raised by a slight and imperceptible layer of padding, and others want the hollow nearer the neck, owing to the shoulders being raised at the top of the arm by the upward pressure of the corset.

When the figure is very thin and flat a shaped piece of canvas is padded and quilted in very fine lines and placed round the armhole to give the desired addition to the figure; but this padding is quite flat and lies perfectly even and smooth, and is therefore imperceptible.

A bodice finished in tailor style has a flat, well-pressed appearance that adds much to its value, and the seams always set much straighter and more even than those made by the ordinary dressmaker.

The tailor, after finishing his seams, puts in the lining, so that there are no bare edges, as those parts not first seamed and laid on are felled over.

The rounded fullness of the elbow-seam is generally missing in the tailor-cut bodice, as the cut is much closer; but even with a curved shape the fullness would be set in at the elbow, and the wrinkles shrunk out with the hot iron and damp rag.

Braiding is very fashionable, and forms an elegant trimming which lasts as long as the cloth itself, and does not quickly become shabby or disarranged.

Page 921 shows illustrations of some smart costumes for autumn wear for the ladies.

On page 922 Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 7 illustrate the latest styles in jackets for outdoor wear.

No. 2 is a new mantle which, we are told, will be much worn this season.

Nos. 5 and 6 are designs for pretty house dresses, simple, and very easily made.

On page 923 will be found illustrations of some pretty costumes for children.

No. 1. A coat made of gray material, with velvet revers.

No. 2. Leghorn hat, trimmed with ribbon and a bunch of shaded leaves.

No. 3. Costume in red serge, edged with white braid, embroidered with tennis bats. Full skirt with revers, and a cap to match.

No. 4. Girl's frock in cream foulard; yoke and half sleeve in cream lace. Band, epaulettes, and sash ends in blue velvet.

No. 5. Costume in white serge, with navy blue bands, embroidered in white. Full bodice with loose jacket. Sailor hat.

No. 6. Little girl's dress in gray beige, combined with striped gray and white beige, embroidered with tennis bats. Hat of same material, with ribbon bows.

NOTHING dies—not even life, which gives up one form only to receive another. No good action, no good example, no generous endeavor dies; it lives forever in our race.

PUBLISHER.

WE desire to call special attention to the list of Club Rates with Fashion Magazines published on page 926 of this number of the Magazine. Fashion has become nowadays such an important matter to many of our readers that the attention necessary to keep those interested well informed as to styles of dress would occupy much more space and time than we can undertake to give to the matter. The rates published for clubs with the *HOME MAGAZINE* are specially low, some of them but little more than the cost of the Magazine alone. Any one who takes in one of these fashion papers with the *HOME* will we feel quite sure be greatly better supplied in all that pertains to changes of fashions, etc., than could possibly be the case with the old style attempt to combine everything in one publication. The leading feature of our age is the development of specialties, and any one can easily see that people who give their whole attention to this matter of fashions will in the nature of things be able to do that work more effectively than others who do work of many kinds. Those of our readers who require information upon the subject of styles of clothing will find the club rates very reasonable, and the advantage of receiving a publication specially devoted to the subject, very great.

RATES FOR 1890.

SOME of our club-makers complained last year that they did not know what the rates would be in time to do all the canvassing they wished before wintry weather came. None of our readers shall have that excuse again for not making up large clubs, and we publish the rates for 1890 herewith, so that those who intend to make up clubs for 1890 can start to work as soon as they like.

1890.

1 copy free by post,	\$1.50
2 copies free by post,	2.90
3 copies free by post,	4.35
4 copies and a free subscription for 1890 to the club-getter, .	5.60
5 copies and a free subscription for 1890 to the club-getter, .	6.75
6 copies and a free subscription for 1890 to the club-getter, .	7.80
7 copies and a free subscription for 1890 to the club-getter, .	9.00
8 copies and a free subscription for 1890 to the club-getter, .	10.00

NEIGHBORS. It is well to find out slowly and by degrees what neighbors really are before you allow them to be intimate; one soon begins to see if they are desirable or the reverse, and no disagreement ensues if little by little you see less of them. There are very few neighbors, even if intimate friends, whom one cares to see every day; their society is apt to pall if one sees them too often. In fact, friendship with near neighbors, however nice and charming they may be, is best sustained by not too constant intercourse. There are very few people we

can see daily and not tire of; one does not meet more than one or two in a lifetime.

LABOR and pluck are the invincible heroes who win success; they strike out new paths, create, contrive, think, plan, originate, take all legitimate risks, toil to surmount obstacles, push forward, and win renown by success. The glorious galaxy of successful business men and illustrious authors have all been hard workers.

**PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS REQUESTED TO THE
FOLLOWING RATES FOR CLUBS WITH FASHION
MAGAZINES FOR THE YEAR 1890.**

One copy of "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" for the year 1890, and one copy of one of the Fashion journals named, will be sent postpaid to any Post-Office in the United States or Canada on receipt of the price stated below. These are all publications devoted specially to Fashions, and the prices named are for combination with "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" only. When desired, we will send the publications to different addresses, but cannot guaranty the delivery of the Fashion journal when the address is changed during the year, though we will do our best to secure it.

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"THE QUEEN," 10 numbers a year, published by James McCall & Co.,	" 1.60
"LADIES' MONTHLY REVIEW," published by Butterick & Co., " 1.75	
"UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE," published monthly by Universal Fashion Co.,	" 1.75
"RIDLEY'S FASHION MAGAZINE," published quarterly by E. Ridley & Sons,	" 1.75
"DEMOREST MONTHLY FASHION JOURNAL," published by Demorest Fashion and Sewing-Machine Co.,	" 1.75
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THE BATH.

